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A CHARCOAL SKETCH.

"LIT." PRIZE SKETCH. ROBERT ALSTON STEVENSON, PENNSYLVANIA.

YOU'RE goin' to have a nice night to watch, Eddie—I allow you won't need that air light after twelve—the moon'll be up then," said old Hiram to his boy, who stood by the fire in front of the little cabin on the "Kettle Charcoal Job."

"Guess I'll take her anyhow, mebbe it'll rain 'fore mornin'. I'm goin' on the clearin' now, cause you'll be goin' to bed soon after readin' the paper, and one of them fires needs bankin'—good-night pap," and Eddie stepped across the clearing to the charcoal hearths. He stopped at the spring and took a drink from the old tomato can that always stood on the large smooth stone in the bank, and throwing the light of his "bull's eye" on the spring, watched the tad-poles scatter from the leaves along the edges into the deeper water in the middle.

"Them's a curious wiggliin' creature" he thought, as he climbed up on the hearth-beds.

He took a look around the fires and made everything right before he put the lantern out and sat down by an old stump on the edge of the clearing. Eddie didn't mind watching at night, if his old tobacco-pouch was full of "cut and dry" and there were plenty of matches in his vest pocket, and for general use a plug of "Vincos" chewing tobacco. He filled his pipe and sat on his coat with his back against the stump, and, as he puffed out clouds of smoke to get a good light, he thought that there was no place in the world in which he would rather be than right in this spot by the old stump, "charcoal-in'."

He liked to sit there, for he could see the cabin on the other side of the clearing and across to Buck Ridge, on clear nights, and keep an eye on the fires too, without moving a great deal.

He was fond of sitting still and watching his old father in the dancing light the pine logs made, and he often tried to make him look round as he sat reading the county papers, but he never could, and at last he came to the conclusion that "that air piece in the paper about mind-readin' them Huntingdon boys left when they was fishin' wasn't a word true." So Eddie gave up trying to make his father turn round.

He could see the old man plainly in the fire-light. His hair and beard were shaggy, and the light glared on his steel-rimmed spectacles when he turned his head to get a better light to read. After a little while he folded the paper and brought out a little book from the cabin, and this was the time that Eddie always felt a little uncomfortable—for when he had finished, the old man would kneel down before the three-legged stool, and Eddie, out in the darkness would bow his head just a little, and he often wished he had "got religion at the revival when pap did." Then he would see his father go to the spring for a drink of the water "he allowed was the best in Huntingdon county."

This was always the last thing he did before going to bed, and when he disappeared Eddie would light another pipe and pay more attention to it, for now it was the only company he had.

It seemed to get quieter as the fire in front of the cabin died away. The smoke from the great mounds of slowly charring wood drifted lazily about the clearing, and hung on the edge of the pines back of the cabin as if hesitating to enter where all was asleep. A saucy little flame would now and then shoot up from one of the pits, and it seemed to Eddie that these flames were fairies that came out of the wood and danced away through the pines—there was such a strange light among the trees.

He hated the owls that hooted in Rag Hollow after all was still, and when the hooting became fainter and fainter down the hollow, he wished they would stay there and never come near the hearths when he was watching. On quiet nights the pines seemed to go to sleep—and he loved to feel a gentle breeze blow across the valley and listen to the rustling up among the branches—it sounded as if they were whispering in their sleep, he thought. And the hours seemed short as he listened.

The sky was getting brighter over Stone Mountain. There was a little blaze like fire on top of the mountain, it grew larger and seemed to climb the trunk of one of the pines and the branches caught, and in a moment full moonlight fell over the valley.

He could see clear across to Buck Ridge now. Along the sides, smoke from other charcoal pits rose straight up in the air, and suddenly a cloud of sparks flashed at one of the pits, and he knew they were raking out the hearth at the "Peters Job," and he wondered which one of the "Peters boys was watching."

Up on the slopes of Long Mountain, back of the cabin, long stretches of fog clung to the tops of the trees—they looked ghostly, and Eddie remembered that when he was a boy out on the hearths for the first time at night, his father

told him they were ghosts, sleeping, and he made his father laugh, telling him he didn't see how even a ghost could sleep comfortably on the top of a pine tree.

The course of Stone Creek winding down the valley below and turning the end of Buck Ridge, could be traced by the thin mist that hung over the laurels—and he thought of the deep pools in the creek where it ran close to the ridge, and wondered whether trout ever went to sleep.

Eddie was thinking of the trout when the moon seemed to take a jump, and he started up to find his pipe had fallen and he had been sleeping. He slapped his legs and took a tramp 'round the fires. He put on his coat when he came back to the stump for another pipe, for it got damp along towards morning. He watched the mist thicken over the creek, and half closed his eyes to see if he could make out the man in the moon. He saw the man in the moon suddenly grow whiskers all over his face and come right down out of the sky towards him, and he awoke to find cold, damp, early daylight instead of the moon's soft light over the valley, and his father leaning over him. "You aint sleepin', Eddie?"

"No-o-o-o—I was just shuttin' my eyes thinkin'."

Robert Alton Stevenson.

FOREVER.

A LONE! alone! in all this vast abyss
Of empty, cold, far-reaching nothingness
And solitary stillness, undefined,
No sound is heard, nor aught communicates
The presence of a kindred spirit here,
But always never-ceasing solitude
And quiet undisturbed reigns infinite.

I died, and, since I died, no soul nor shape
Of any sort I've seen, but ever still
This never-ending nothing everywhere,
This cold and dark and damp and lonely night.

Before I died I thought my sharp remorse
A hell on earth—sufficient punishment
For all my crimes committed, small and great.
It drove me from my kind; I dwelt with them
But lived alone; they knew me not, and I—
I was not of them, nor akin to man.
Vainly I thought no hell could out-hell this,
And welcomed death as dear deliverance.

But how compare that solitude with this,
That I endure and still endure throughout
The tedious seconds of eternity?

James Westervelt.

"WANDERIN' MOSE."—A TALE OF THE OLD
DAYS.

ALL the negroes called him "quar." They could not understand him. Some said he was "cracked," and they never lost an opportunity for a gibe. Others, with varying phraseology, but with the same meaning, said he was "'stracted." Viewed with distrust or contempt, he was ever held aloof.

It was about harvest time when he came tramping down the long lane between the giant cedars which leads up to the great brick mansion of "Mattapony" farm.

His dress, though of a style to invite a second glance, told that his former master had been well-to-do. His hat, which was of fur, and his great coat, a long swallow-tail, had, no doubt, had formerly an aristocratic owner. His trousers were of blue homespun, while his shoes were highly polished with a fresh coat of lustrous grease.

Walking up to the front porch, where Mr. Maddux, in a rocker, was enjoying the breezes, and doffing his "furred hat" with the courtesy of a Chesterfield, with Websterian deliberation he asked:

"Is dis de owner ov dis plantation, sah? Do ye wanter buy a niggah, sah? I's a hard-workin', honest un', an' I come f'om one ov de fust famblies of Ferginny."

Now, Mr. Maddux, though of kindly disposition, thought it very strange for a slave to offer himself up voluntarily in this way without a master. He naturally inferred he was a runaway.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Mose; Uncle Mose, sah."

"Mose what?"

"Moses Cottingim Taylor Johnson, an' I's sometimes called Selby, sah," was the answer, suggesting his past history.

"Who was your last master, Moses?"

"I nuvah had none lately, sah. I been er trabin', sah, an' a knowin' as how you's a good marster, sah, an' I's gin out, an' hain' got no livin', I wanter hire mese'f out ter ye, sah, yes, sah," replied the visitor.

"Samson will take charge of you, and I'll attend to you in a few days. In the meantime, be on your good behavior, or I'll send you back to your old master."

Mr. Maddux was moved toward the old man, but he could not understand how he had escaped the patrol (or "patty rollers," as the negroes called this form of night police), and had not been apprehended and received many a lash long before this. He reviewed both the recent and old copies of *The Baltimore Sun* and the long list of fugitive slaves advertised there, but could find none answering to Moses' description or agreeing with his story. So he advertised for his master, and, though he received many bids from the negro buyers, still he heard nothing from his former owner.

"I won't buy you, Moses, for I don't know who you belong to, but as long as you behave yourself and work well I will take care of you," he said, one day.

"Yes, sah—thank ye, sah—God bless ye, sah," with great unction and more humble bows.

And so Moses had come on the farm, nothing known of his past, and with no other credentials than an appeal for sympathy to a kind old master.

Even after the distrust of him as a new-comer had abated, Moses never entered into the inner life of the plantation. He did not seem to expect it nor care for it, but went his way quietly, neither interfering or being interfered with. At times he would tell a fish story, an adventure or a boastful tale of Northampton county, but even this was rare, and it was always noticed as a great event. But there was some foreboding cloud which hung over his nature that made him unpopular. If he had a secret he kept it to himself. He slept at night and worked by day regularly and peaceably. The first to respond to the horn of the overseer in the morning, he was the last to leave work at sunset.

Once while harrowing in the field, a negro—evidently a stranger—came over from an adjoining plantation to return a borrowed plow-fixture, and as he passed by exclaimed:

"Sakes alive! Who'd a thunk I'd a foun' you hyah? How de Lowd's sake 'd you git hyah?"

A gleam of recognition passed over Moses' countenance as he asked:

"Hello, 'Niahs, whah'd you come f'om?"

"Marse John Heywood jis fotch me f'om Ferginny. I tuck too much cawn erway f'om him ernights, he say; an' he vowed an' 'clared he gwinter sell me, which he did it. Budden I ain' erkeerin', fah it's mo' healthiah hyah, an' ol' man John's lazy as de debil," and he burst out with a "hwah, hwah, hwah!"

But Moses was not deeply interested in Ananias' recital. He toyed nervously with the handles of the harrow, and once even let slip the reins and they fell in the furrow. Picking them up, he quietly asked:

"Have ye heard anything o' Rhoda Ann, 'Niahs?"

"Yaas, indeed! yaas, indeed!" quickly replied the rascal, who did not belie his name, "an' I'll take ye smack to 'er. Say, 's yah marse got any sheep convenien'? I know right whah I kin sell 'em fer five dollah a h'ad, an' I'll take ye right to huh—dat ah Rhoda Ann—ef you jis' persis' me in my ornerary bus'ness."

"'Niahs, I ain' ergwine t' steal no sheep. You'se a fool," was the humble response.

But then Ananias burst into a volley of oaths and left—not before, however, he had told Moses "he'd split his h'ad open with a chunk ef marse got de win' of it," nor before the overseer spied Moses idle and goaded him on to "get along with his mules" at his harrow.

The corn crop was saved and laid by. The field was shorn and the wheat was harvested. The orchard had been robbed of its fruit and the wood was assuming its first tinge of rusty brown. All the summer Moses' melancholy had been intense almost to sullenness. Yet no one but Anna-nias knew the cause, for none suspected anything of his colloquy with the Biblical Untruthful.

But he was suffering a contest to go on within him. "Steal dem sheep and meet Rhoda Ann," said his inclinations. "Moses, shy clear of it," said his conscience. "I want to find Rhoda Ann," said his inclinations. "Don't ye tech it," said his conscience. One day his inclinations received a reinforcement. Reason came to the rescue. "Ain' honesty one of de vanities?" said his reason. "An' wern't dere thieves of de night time in de Bible?" "Yes, in de Bible," repeated his inclinations. He opened his eyes. "It's in de Bible." That settled it. "I'll steal dem sheep," said Moses. It happened in this way:

The moon was shedding a soft, mellow light that night as Moses stole silently out of the quarters, crept stealthily along the roadside and called "Niahs" from his bed.

"Niahs! ha, Niahs!" he called softly.

"Hullo! what's up?" came the reply.

"Come hyah. I wanter see you."

Ananias, half dressed, slipped out into the night.

Moses confessed to Ananias—"Niahs, I reckon I'll he'p ye to steal dem sheep, ef you do what you say you gwineter, an'—an'—I hope an' pray de Lawd 'll forgive me," came the saving clause to his conscience, giving a final struggle.

"Hwah! hwah! hwah! I know'd ye'd do it. Come erlong, hyah. We hain' got no time to lose."

With great cunning the attempt was made, yet, owing partly to the moonlight night and partly to Mr. Maddux's sleeplessness, failed utterly, and besides, as is so often the case, the greater rogue escaped detection.

The next morning a hearing was held before the squire of the near-by town, in which the defendant was no other than Mose.

Now, though Mr. Maddux was an extensive slave-holder, he was not an advocate of the lash as a means of corporal punishment. For, while he recognized that the perfect subordination of the negroes in the South was a thing always necessary to the safety of their masters, he thought it best attained by impressing them with the majesty of the law. The constant fear of an uprising of the negroes can not be too much emphasized. Every suspicious action was noted, every petty misdemeanor *had* to be reprov'd for self-preservation and the maintenance of the whole social order. And so Moses was held to appear before the squire.

After the plaintiff—a chimney-corner lawyer of note—had astounded the court with his vociferous eloquence, and his master had given his evidence that he had seen a slave with his own eyes, stealing his sheep, and identified Moses as that slave, the case seemed hopeless.

In due process, with wonted gravity, the squire turned to the culprit for explanation. All eyes were upon him. He would have doubtless preferred being somewhere else. But he was ready with his defense—

"Look hyah, Marster, I know'd you know'd I tuck dat ram. Ye poked yah haid out'n de winder an' axed me, den and dare, how's de weathah? Did 'n ye?"

His master nodded.

"Didn' I tell ye it was 'dark an' heavy?' Well, den," continuing, "'cose I s'pose ye know'd I got dat black *wethah* on my back!"

The room was convulsed with laughter, and it was some moments before quiet was restored.

"Is that all you have to say?" continued the squire, when all had subsided.

"Oh, Marster! don' put me in jail. Dat ar sheep b'longed to you, an' I b'longed to ye, an' ef I steal dat sheep don' we bof b'long to ye *still*? I hain' done nuffin—"

But neither the ingenious defense nor the plea availed, for after some whisperings between the great representatives of justice, they were answered with the simple sentence of—"Thirty days in jail."

Confinement is not very good food for melancholy. Light-heartedness is improved by it. But melancholy needs a freer and more varied diet. It needs fresh air, bright sunshine, but—most of all—the removal of its cause. That Moses should ever find the object of his search after so long seemed an impossible thing to him now. His bill-of-fare was bread, melancholy and water, getting his only pleasure by crooning to himself lines, at almost the hundredth hand, from the Scriptures.

When he came out of jail he seemed to have lost even the awed respect heretofore accorded him. Ananias even "cut him dead," eager, perhaps, to maintain a semblance of honesty, and besides refused to carry out his part of the contract—if he had ever intended to. Every negro man and boy on the place viewed him wonderingly, and out of the corners of their eyes, as he went slowly and regularly to work.

"I aluz know'd sompin wrong 'bout dat niggah. He got no un'erstandin'. He's stracted. You Sam, don' you go nigh him; deres no tellin' what turn he may take. I hope to Gord, Marse Maddux 'll git a mess a takin' furrin po' white folk's niggah's up hyah," said Aunt Hannah to the fourth

of her string of urchins, and proclaiming the monitory wisdom of the place.

"You Sam, *you!* Don' you hyah me? Come erway f'om dat brack man! Hain' ye got no sense!" And Sam straightway hobbled with all the speed he could command to his mammy's frock. At last some of the negroes even refused to work with him, and he was put under the direct eye of the overseer.

Moses had changed materially since but a short while ago, he came a stranger and wayfarer, seeking a home and master. His life finding all around him uncongenial, and opposed by the vicissitudes of circumstance after trembling and quivering slightly, like the flower to the sun, turned one day suddenly to that solace of the troubled heart—Religion. And to him it was a most real religion. No one should doubt this.

He had been in the garden digging potatoes to stow away in the cellar for winter's use. Young Marse John was on the back veranda hiving the bees which had swarmed around the grape arbor. It happened in the twinkling of an eye. Moses stopped and rested his head on the handle, but only for a moment, when he threw up both arms and began to shout in the wildest fervor, "Glory! Glory! I's happy! Ain' I glad, ain' got ter die no mo'."

"You Sam, come 'way f'om dyah; what I tell you—I'll larup you, you hyah?" shouted Aunt Hannah. The truth was, that every one who saw the occurrence was frightened by his frantic screams and actions. But when young John laughed outright, it was to the great horror of the negro women and children.

The next thing, Moses took to running away, only coming home once in a while for food. He grew to be an enthusiastic reformer, and a local preacher of influence. There was no cabin within the forty miles of his circuit that did not receive the inspiration of his zeal, nor a hay-loft, even a fence corner he had not occupied as a lodging place. As a result came a great awakening far and near

In unenviable Scriptural confusion, it was said he was the "second Moses, come on 'arth to save sinnahs."

But the necessary restraints put on Moses by his master to keep him home, exposed him to a new dart. For he was often jeered at and accused of using preaching as a pretext to get away to carry on his search. Of course they were all wrong in this.

When the customary camp in Purnell's woods came on, the people were ready for it.

The great covered wagons and ox carts, filled with shouting humanity, had been rumbling from every quarter for miles. The roads were black with sweltering people covered with dust. Slowly each wagon was arranged in a circle around the rustic seats, which had been covered with boughs. Wooden boxes were hastily improvised, in which was placed kindling wood for the lights at night, and the pulpit was raised on the base of pine stumps.

The meeting had been in progress here for a week, and the emotions of the zealous had had full opportunity. But the great sensation of the meeting came on the breaking-up night. Every scrub pine near had a horse or mule hitched to it, and the seats were filled. Moses was called on to fill the pulpit again. With swallow tail, homespun and slippery shoes, as essential to his appearance as canonicals to a clergyman, standing erect in the pulpit, Moses announced the tune. Many voices rang out in glad hallelujahs. The hymn was sung with deep basses and shrill sopranos, and it echoed through the grove. The faces of swarthy men, with flannel shirts and fustian trousers, were filled with tears. Old men clapped their hands and shouted, and boys joined in. Prayer after prayer followed, by men with swaying bodies and loud groans, in the agony of casting out devils. Then came the collection, too tedious to mention, and the result of which is too small to announce.

As Moses came forward again the great body was seated. The light wood torches sent a glow weird in the extreme over the scene, as they flickered in the faces of the wor-

shippers. All was still. One could almost fancy he could hear the great drops of dew, which, after coursing down the boughs of the pine trees, and standing pendant for a moment from the projecting needles and burrs, fell to the ground.

With the voice of a Stentor the speaker announced his text. It was: "Foxes has holes, birds of de aih got nestses, but the Son of Man got no whah to putt his haid down."

"De squerrell got de limb ob de oak tree, the rabbit got de pine bresh, an' de pa'tridge got de wheat fiel', but man, poor man, got no whah putt his haid down. Ef ye get in ter trouble, who ye get to he'p ye out? Niggah? no, sah; white man? no, sah; but de Lawd 'll he'p ye cross de ditch. He's de niggah's frien', de frien' of de birds an' beastes, an' he'll he'p ye cross de ditch.

"An bredren, de world 's full of trials and tribellations. De bird got his mate ef he is black like de crow, but de son ob man," he paused and continued, cautiously, "he hab his marster. But dare uz Isaac, he hab his Rebecca. An bredren, now you'se all been er talkin' and speechifyin' bout ol' Mose—dis hyah Mose—an' a sayin' he was cracked an' non-senseless, and I'se gwineter tell, if de Lawd spare me, bout it all. It's been nigh on to three year now sence I lef' de ol' plantation, and I'se glad de Lawd called me erway, cuz I'd nuver been a locus preacheh ef he hadn't er done it, and I'se erhappy now. De bird gotter leave his nes' befo' he kin fly. But dem was happy times me an' Rhoda Ann—she was de picken' an' choosin' ov de flock—had on de place tergur'r. She uster he'p to milk de cows, an' I a totin' de bucket, an' she a laughin' an' enjoyin' herse'f a showin' of her putty white teef, and me a loberfyin' an' a cyarryin' on daterway. An' I uster tell her as how some day or nuther I uz gwinter buy hern an' my freedom, an' as how in dat ol' cabin down dyah by de brook we'd live erlong peaceable tergur'r. But it nuver come off for a fack, fuh times I got 'er five hundred dollars saved up in

me ol' stockin', she was putt up on de ol' cedah block an' sol' and cyarhed away, nobody know'd whah. Dat's it, an', Lawd, it mos' broke dis hyah ole niggah's hea't. De tuther niggahs thought I was sho' nuff 'stracted, but I pulled thro, an' by de nex' Jinnuary fough yeah I had ernuff to buy mese'f! Bu' what I keeh fuh dat den. Things wan't nat'ul. But howsomeber I went on de road er travelin', er travelin', a axin' fuh Rhoda Ann all fro Ferginny an' smack to hyah, an' hyah I iz. Look at me! I ain' 'stracted no nuffin', but jis abreck down an' disapp'int'd er waitin' on de Lawd to he'p me out'n der ditch. An' I'se ergwine to trest in de Lawd till de thunders begins to rumble and de lightnin's a flashin' an' de Lawd snuffs de stars and blows out de sun. Den look out, sannah! look out, sannah, dat he don' snuff you out, too!" He paused but a moment, when, making her way through the throng, could be seen the form of a neat, plainly dressed negro woman.

"Moses! Moses! is dat you?" came a shrill woman's voice from the crowd.

"Who dat ercallin' Mose? 'Peahs like I arter know dat voice," he muttered half audibly. He stared again; his eyes dilated. He was motionless. His position was a study in statics, but in a moment it was different. It changed to the opposite science, and became eminently dynamic, for soon he was all motion. He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. His hands flew into the air. And over the pulpit he went, swallowtail, greased shoes, handkerchief and all, exclaiming in the transit, "Glory to de God if dare aint Rhody Ann! Whah d' ye come from, noway?"

They grabbed each other like persons separated for years, as they were, while the worshippers looked on half dazed at the tableau. At length Moses broke silence:

"An' aih ye keerin' fuh me yit, Rody Ann?"

"Sho' as what you say is de Gospel truf?"

"An' aih ye ready fuh to gwy erlong wi' me now, Rody Ann?"

Just then the wind, like the whisperings of spirits, rustled

through the pines. A momentary hush, like that of death, was upon the camp. It was but the stillness that introduces the storm. Scarce a moment had passed before the air was filled with exultations and thanksgivings. "De Lawd's ben hyah!" shouted one. "Amen! Amen!" came from a dozen throats. "De Jedgment's a comin'!" cried another, and the camp was overpowered with excitement. But the end was not here. Over from the outer edge of the clearing came a mocking cry, "Hullo, dyah! How 'bout dem sheep Mose stole from Mast' Maddux? What de Lawd gotter say 'bout dat?"

From a least expected quarter came an answer. Standing, with downcast head, full in the face of the congregation, he spoke out in meeting, "Hyah I is, Lawd. I 'ticed Moses to do dat. He didn' wanten do it. I 'fess it. I done it. Dem was in de days of my orneriness, but, bress Gord, dee's nuvah no mo'!" Ananias had been converted.

And its effect was electrical. For, as he knelt in prayer, one sinner after another from the grove's edge came forward and fell in with the group. Such shouting and singing as followed were never before heard in the grove. For even "Foorlish Lev" and "Crazy Ned" had seen the errors of their ways. Round and round the camp they marched, with the wildest gesticulations and most exultant screams, Moses and Rhoda Ann always kept in full view in the center of the group.

The sun's golden darts of light had vanquished the night when the camp broke up. As Moses and Rhoda Ann started from the meeting, shortly before the close, they left them still singing, under Ananias' leadership:

"Blow, Gabriel, blow,
Blow, Gabriel, blow,
Blow, blow, blow, blow,
All together in the morning."

and varying the last line with

"De Lawd has ben hyah dis mornin'."

Harry Franklin Covington.

THE JUNIOR PARTNER'S ROSES.

THAT'S the trouble with old John," said Mr. Twimbleby, from the top of the goods-box, "he ain't got any sentiment. He ain't got any heart, no feeling. He's a hard man. And what's more, he ain't a man of the world. Look how he dresses," and the speaker's complacent glance ran along the crease of his own light-checked trousers and rested on the tips of his patent-leather boots. "No get-up at all to him. And do you suppose he gets any pleasure out of life? Does he ever go to the opory? Not him. Hardly. Does he ever go to see young ladies? And would he know how to act if he *was* to pay a call?" Mr. Twimbleby paused to bury his face in a bun sandwich, over the upper horizon of which he looked condescendingly around upon his fellow-clerks who were finishing their lunches upon surrounding boxes and stools.

"He's got money, though, and he made it himself, ventured the shipping-clerk; "and he worked hard for it, too. There's mighty few solider men than John Harrington in *this* town. If he hadn't worked hard and didn't have money he wouldn't be junior partner in the house. Shouldn't wonder if he had more than the ole man."

Mr. Twimbleby looked at the speaker with great disgust. "Robinson," he said severely, "if you had anything like a soul about you, you'd have ideas of something higher than mere dollars. You, and fellows of your stamp, that are always talkin' about money, judgin' men by their money and thinkin' of money, never raise above meanness—as if there wasn't a better way to live than turnin' into a regular business machine like old John Harrington!"

"What'd he want of you this noon, Twimby?" asked the bill-clerk.

Mr. Twimbleby was on the point of saying that he had not been in to see, and, what was more, did not intend to go in to see until called for a second time, when the door

leading from the office opened, and a tall man, black-clothed, with smooth-shaven face, stepped across the threshold.

"Mr. Twimbleby," he said, "I'll see you now, if you please, about —," he hesitated for a moment and then went on, "about a matter —," he waited for Mr. Twimbleby to go in, and then went in after him.

When Mr. Twimbleby returned to his desk after his interview he was not in a communicative mood, and his answers to inquiries were unsatisfactory.

At his work, during the afternoon, he stopped several times to chuckle queerly and say to himself, "Who'd have thought it? Old John and a practical joke! Told me all about my part and never smiled! Dry as tinder! Who'd believed John Harrington had any humor?" Then Mr. Twimbleby would take from his pocket, after a glance around, a twenty dollar note. "Keep the change—well, rather!"

As the closing hour set in Harrington passed out into the street and took his homeward way. Newsboys were crying the "*Second Edishun*" of the two evening papers. Clerks were hurrying home. The street cars were crowded. Tired looking men, with steaks in brown paper and various butchers' and bakers' wares under their arms, turned the corners that led away from the business part of the city. Women, with shawls over their heads and bundles in their arms, loitered for a moment in front of the great shop windows, where already the lights were beginning to flare, and comfortable-looking gentlemen rode by in comfortable-looking carriages. "It is the hour for home—that is the word for now—home," mused John Harrington.

Many of the comfortable gentlemen spoke to him as they passed, but no woman bowed to him.

"There goes 'ye ancient mariner,'" said pretty Miss Dickinson to her father, the Judge, as through the carriage window she caught a glimpse of the junior partner's awkward figure, which, with his odd, slouching walk, had so often been cleverly burlesqued by youthful wits at social gatherings. "Has the dear old thing actually a lodging or place

of abode? I always supposed that he slept on a pile of ledgers in his office, with dusty account-books and bills and things."

"Harrington's a good man," said her father gravely. "One of the best in town, and he's solid. He is the shyest man with women I know. I don't suppose he ever spoke to a dozen in his life, but he's a good fellow."

Miss Dickinson said that she did not doubt that he was good. Then she made a little face and fell to talking of other things.

Harrington opened his street door softly and laid his hat on a table in the dark hall. A gaunt woman in apron and cap, with a tray on her arm, turned the foot of the stairs and paused to speak to him. "He ain't no better," she said, without any form of salutation. "He ain't no better, and he don't seem to take no interest in his vittles. Uncomplainin' as he can be from mornin' till night, an' gettin' weaker 'n weaker all the time."

"Is he asleep?" asked the junior partner.

"No, he's settin' fore the fire jest like he does most all the time, thinkin'."

Harrington nodded and walked towards the door at the end of the hall. The woman stopped him. "Are you goin' out to try it some more? I don't b'lieve it's worth while. I'd give it up."

Harrington sighed faintly, as he paused with his hand on the door-knob. "I guess I'll try it a little while longer; it would help cheer him up a little if *I could* learn. I'll work a little more at it," said he, as he passed out.

In the yard, so situated as to preclude all sounds from within, of a not too noisy nature, from reaching the house, stood a frame wash-house. At its door the gaunt woman stood, half an hour later, listening. Inside sat the junior partner, on a rickety stool, thrumming patiently on a woe-fully out-of-tune guitar. A flickering lamp stood on a worn shelf at his elbow, and propped up in front of him was a "Self-Instruction on the Guitar."

The gaunt woman thrust her head in the door. "Your supper's ready." Harrington looked up wearily, "I don't seem to make any progress," he said, "Somehow, I don't seem to get along much. I don't suppose I have much ear for music. I thought maybe I could learn to play a little," he continued, as he put the guitar away and followed the woman up the path to the house, "And pick up a few old tunes he liked, and go in some day, and surprise him. I thought it might cheer him up a little, perhaps. But I don't seem to get on very fast."

"No," said the gaunt woman, with a short, crisp laugh, "You don't."

"It's right hard for me," said the junior partner gently, "I thought maybe if I kept at it I might know something about it by spring."

"You'll have to play before spring," said the other, "If you want him to hear it. He won't last a month."

The junior partner winced; his lips trembled and he seemed to flinch all over, but he passed steadily up from the darkness of the night into the light that fell through the open kitchen door, and went into his supper.

After his lonely meal, he went quietly up the stairs to a door by the landing and opened it softly. Within, the room was brightened to a warm cheerfulness by an open fire, which was the only light. In an alcove at one end stood a bed and, drawn up close to the hearth, and well covered with soft robes, reclined a wan-faced man. The warm beams cast a crimson glow over his pale cheeks and flickered and gleamed again in the vials and glasses on the white-clothed table at his elbow. At the creak of the door he asked feebly, without turning his head, but with a cheerful expectation apparent in both his face and voice, "John, is that you? John, old fellow?"

The junior partner came forward gaily, with a sort of swaggering but subdued jolliness in his manner. "Yes, indeedy, William, dish yer's me, honey; lawsee, yessum, dish yer's yo' John; and aren't our Billy looking better? coming

right along," he said, stooping to lay a light, cool hand on the wasted fingers of the other man. "Why, William, you'll be out in two weeks; you're as ruddy as a country girl, and looking strong. My! Why, William, you'll be out in a week."

The invalid shook his head with a faint smile. "It will be longer than that—much longer, John. I don't think I will have my strength back much before spring. I am afraid that we will have to give up the Florida trip till then. But we'll go in the spring—in the spring."

John Harrington's face was turned away for a moment. He tried to say something clearly, but only said "spring" with a choke in the middle of the word. The sick man was looking down at the fire pensively. From the flames and brilliant flare of the coals there arose to him a picture of fragrant fields and blooms that would be odorous and sweet; a picture of springing grasses and warm swards; of sunlit mornings, of balmy airs and tender breezes, of foliage swiftly budded and white violets hiding in the growing strength of the spring; a picture of apple blossoms and pink and white laden orchards; a picture of the glorious youth of the year that was to come. And with this dream of the freshness and joys so soon to be near at hand came the memory and dreams of those that had gone before. He saw again the quiet village street, with its cathedral roof of meeting branches; the long, white, green-bordered road that stretched out to meet the dusky-red western edge of the slow twilight. He heard again the faint echo of childish laughter rippling far away through the hush of the evening, saw the first star pierce and glint through the eastern sky, and smelled once more the scent of the wild crab-tree blossoms. Again he saw the lovely face and slender figure of the girl who came to meet him by the old wooden bridge, where the ripples were at peace in the half light, and saw the glimmering whiteness of the hand she waved to him from the path through the fields.

He looked up suddenly. "John," he said to the junior

partner, who sat quietly at one side and a little behind him, "John, I don't want you to think that I meant that I thought Mrs. Gardner had not been kind to me by what I said last night. I did not mean that at all. I've been thinking about it to-day, and I should not like to have you think that she hadn't been nice to me."

Harrington looked keenly at him for a second, but only a second. He had found that if he looked too long at William lately, that his eyes had an odd-way of growing dim and his voice husky. "Why, what if she had not been nice, Billy; would we bother about that? Not we. We'll be fishing for tarpon pretty soon, and not caring how we're treated." He felt that he had not said just the right thing, and assured himself that he never had had any tact. Then an odd look came over his face, and he said, "William, I don't believe she's forgotten you. Maybe, after all, she doesn't know that you're not well. She mayn't have heard. Or, if she has, why, she's generally pretty busy, I expect. I've heard she's a great woman to go around a good deal—charities, and balls, and literary clubs, and things like that."

"No," said the invalid, "I don't think she's forgotten me, and she must be very busy. Besides, I'm not worth her bothering about. When I said, last night, that I thought maybe she'd just have sent a note to say she was sorry I'd been ill so long, I didn't think about her having her time taken up so much. You can see by the paper that she does a great deal. I've often wondered how she managed it. Her name was in last Sunday's paper eleven times. Two papers at clubs in one week, and the rest dinners and receptions. She's wonderful in her energy."

"Do you remember the day you came to spend with me in the village that summer, and how I tried to get you to go to see her with me, and how she passed us coming out of the little church, and I tried to introduce you to her, and you ran away? Your shoes made an awful noise on the board walk, John."

"Well! well! I was editor-in-chief of the *Clark County Clarion* in those days, and that was the loveliest summer that ever was. Wasn't it pretty in the country when you used to come down for Sundays? I don't know why, but it seems to me as if that was the most beautiful June I ever knew.

"You know they didn't live there always. Her father'd failed in March, and they came down there to be out of the way and live cheaply. He got on his feet right away, and they moved back here in August.

"One thing about it, you see, I had'nt ever seen a girl like that before. I can understand how lovely of her it was to have me bothering around—she was so kind to me, and when I used to go there to dinner I must have done a good many things that seemed uncouth to them. We used to be together all the time, and used to take long walks every evening in the world. I think she was the kindest-hearted girl that ever lived, to see so much of me, and let me be with her so much.

"After they'd gone, it seemed pretty lonely, and when I got that chance to come up here, I thought it would be nice to be near you, and where I could drop in on them, like I used to, and I thought of what good friends she and I had been, and I sort of hoped she'd be glad to see me—and I took the position. I went around to see them and they were having a little company, and I didn't stay very long. Somehow it didn't seem to me she wanted me to, exactly, though she was just as kind as ever. Gardiner was there, and an old lady told me they were engaged to be married.

"I went around two Sundays after that, but the first time Gardiner was there, and of course her father talked to me, and the second, nobody was at home.

"I went to see them once after they were married, but I don't believe he ever liked me very well. I used to see her when I went out for lunch. She'd be sitting in the carriage, in front of the bank, waiting for her husband.

"Then I got this cough—John. John, why don't you

ever head me off when I get started? You're as patient as Job, old fellow. Sit there and let me bore you like this!"

The junior partner was moving uncomfortably in his chair. He had heard the click of the outer door, and his eye had an uneasy look. "Bore me, my boy! The idea! Why Billy, you couldn't."

The gaunt woman thrust her head inside the door. "Young man with a bundle, wants to see him," she said to Harrington; "Says I won't do, wants to see him." The "him," was clearly intended to mean William, although she did not look in his direction. "Shall I let him up?"

"I guess you'd better let him come up, don't you think so, William?" said the junior partner, with a certain subdued excitement in his tone, "Might as well see what it is." The woman disappeared, and a moment after, a gaily-dressed young man stepped into the room, with a curious mixture of timidity and assurance. The invalid's back was to the door, and the young man glanced from him to John Harrington. As his glance rested upon the perturbed countenance of the latter, the features of the youth were drawn into a hideous contortion, meant to be a very knowing wink, which was to convey the idea that he might be relied on for being perfectly sure of his part and a thoroughbred.

In his hands he carried, unboxed, in all their fragrance and magnificence, a splendid bunch of roses, whose rich, red glow was darkly lustrous through the transparent paper which protected them.

"May I ask, sir," he said, rather loudly, "which is Mr. Innesly?"

"Here I am," said William, "what is it?"

The young man stepped forward to where the invalid might see him and held out the roses. "Mrs. Gardiner sent these," he said. "I'm her husband's secretary. She wanted me to tell you how sorry she was you were not well and hoped you'd accept these with her best wishes for your speedy recovery. She sends her love and selected these herself."

Innesly had risen to his feet; his eyes were brilliant and his cheeks glowed. "Thank her, thank her for me. Thank her more than I can say. Tell her how much I appreciate it. Thank her and bless her for me."

The young man laid the flowers in his hand, bowed gravely and went out. When he reached the street Mr. Twimbleby leaned against the fence for a moment to laugh.

"Well, it's a pretty low-down joke foolin' a man as sick as he seemed to be, but it's a blame good one. Think of old John goin' into such a thing as this! Makin' that scarecrow think such a swell beauty as Mrs. Henry F. Gardiner would be sendin' him roses. I sort of flatter myself I got along pretty smooth myself. Bless Mrs. Henry F. Gardiner! Me! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ho-ho-ho! Oh, yes; why certainly." And Mr. Twimbleby went down the street with subdued laughter ringing in muffled echoes behind him.

Up in the firelit room, two hours later, John Harrington bent over the bed where his friend was sleeping.

Innesly's fair hair was tossed away from his white forehead, and he was breathing easily. His poor hands were pressed together on his breast like those of a marble saint, and from between them twined the stem of a great red rose that rested tenderly on his half-parted lips.

"What a liar I am!" said the junior partner huskily.

Newton Booth Tarkington.

THE LOOK BACKWARD.

WHEN night and darkness cast their deepening shade
Around the pilgrim who has journeyed far,
And even near its setting is the star
Which once, in beauty clear and bright arrayed,
Looked on him when the West began to fade,
He knows his feet are marked with many a scar
From traveling where the thorns and thistles are;

His steps are failing, and he is afraid.
'Tis memory's voice that bids him turn and see,
With vision clear, the earlier, happier way
On which the golden sunshine shed its light
Unhindered by the clouds that were to be.
He feels the warm, bright glory of the day,
And half forgets the chilly, cheerless night.

—*Courtlandt Patterson Butler.*

CULTURE AND MORALITY.

HISTORY may be defined as the paleontology of the humanities. It may be called a science. But beneath the fossil bareness of its record of events lies the pathos of a tale—the tale of human existence. This is the golden thread that binds the vellum pages of History together. The warmth and color that it sheds transform stolid facts into living things, statements into realities. It is the mirror of man's heart, the revelation of subtle causes, while the written volume is the narration of their effects. It contains the philosophy of History. Here the intellect is found at work; here are shown the progress of thought and the growth of science and art, side by side with the slow accumulation of literatures. National culture stands revealed!

And what is culture? Frederick Harrison calls it a silly cant. John Bright says that it consists in a smattering of Greek and Latin. Can this be culture?

Culture, to us, is an attempt to assuage the thirst for knowledge concerning that which is behind all things; it is an effort to consummate the quest of that Something of whose existence all things are but tokens; it is a desire to satisfy that inborn soul-longing which unites man with God; it is a striving after a distant, a divine ideal. True culture is not mere knowledge. As a social moral factor it embraces all that uplifts, all that tends to induce mankind to obey the divine injunction which to-day rings out from

mountain-top to peaceful valley as clear and true as it did nineteen hundred years ago: "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Well has culture's great apostle defined it as the study of perfection. Perfection is its ideal. Is this a "silly cant"? Can this be but a smattering of two dead languages?

Culture is broad and cosmopolitan. If science can imbue us with greater reverence and loftier impulses; if art can stir our nobler passions, then science and art are culture's servants; and the link between mankind and its ideal is religion. True culture is religious, and its morality must, therefore, be its most important element.

If we look at literature, which is a reflection of these three factors in social life—science, art and religion—there we shall see the proof of the assertion, for there, as we read the best thoughts of the world's best men, we find that, taken as a whole, ever since the days when an Israelitish king wrote the Psalms we learn in childhood, and Solomon composed his immortal love-song, there has been in literature one great characteristic feature, its good purpose; or, in other words, we perceive that the writings of the most cultivated, the most famous men—the adjective is used in its truest sense—have been moral in their tone and tendency.

Come within the dreamy haze of poetic romance that clings about ancient Greece and her marble capital. Behold that grandly magnificent figure; that figure which antiquity venerated, which we revere. Plato towers over his age as the consummation of the best that was in Greek culture, the best that was in the Greek spirit—a character supremely Grecian because he was a man of physical charm, of mental brilliancy and of moral beauty. Philosophy to him was not a mere science. No; it was the lesson-book of life's harmony.

Borne on the eagle wings of thought, his transcendent mind circled up into the realm of ideals whither culture leads—that realm which is pure and elevated above our

common earthly life, where nobility of character and loftiness of true passion dwell supreme; and while, with the serene tranquillity that consciousness of knowledge gave him, he marshaled the forces of the Intellect and sent them in irresistible onslaught against the voluptuous stronghold of the Senses and brought the Soul immortal from her earthly dungeon out into the clear, sweet daylight of immutable truth, yet he did more. He battled for morality. For his task of reform he called into requisition all his powers of eloquence, all his instincts as a poet, all that he possessed as a man of culture. He invoked the assistance of the fine arts as means of moral improvement, and what has been the result? With which one of all his theories is the common, unphilosophic world of to-day best acquainted? With his theory of love—that wonderful conception of love as an ideal affection, an ecstatic elevation of the spirit above the worldly and the sensual, a passion whose heavenly purity and power are its only qualities. Was Plato's culture not moral?

Other moralists there were in that age, but we pass them by. We leave the hidden meaning of the *Æschylean* choruses and the lessons of *Euripides'* plays. We pass to the last days of the Roman Republic. Listen to *Lucretius* when he perceives the cause of his countrymen's distress. Like the *Delphic* oracle of old, he bade them know themselves whence and what they were. Wrong, indeed, his cosmological theories, and less lofty than *Plato's* his ideals, nevertheless he pleaded for a new and a better morality, though it was *epicurean*. As a philosopher and as a man of culture he cried, "Come, read nature's book with me! Be men! Cease your wantonness and then your cares will vanish!" And his was not the only plea. There were *Cicero* and *Seneca* and *Cato*. These were all men of culture. Who says it had no truth, no depth in their minds? Who says it was a mere form with them? When we see the greatest characters in *Templed Athens* and *Mistress Rome*, men whose minds were enriched with the culture of

the ancient world, bending their energies to a common cause, and that the moral improvement of man, shall we—*dare* we say that culture is but cant, its morality therefore a sham?

Again, behold the medieval type, the Florentine! His poem is one long lesson. Dante points us to the future. In the Beyond will be man's best life. Earth is but a garden whose sweetest flowers are plucked for heavenly mansions. The seeds are planted here and here they bud. They blossom in a fairer clime. Thither the sad-faced wanderer guides us. Even as Socrates and Plato sought to stimulate a higher intellectual life by using the power that lay in the Greek idea of true love, so Dante, though he veils realities under forms more or less fictitious, weaves in one great fabric legends of Pagandom, myths of classic history and truths of Christendom to illustrate the lesson he would teach that man's chief end, *perfection*, is not attained until he reach yonder country "where the angels are in peace," and that this chief is unattainable unless man be actuated by principles of sincerest devotion to purest ideals.

Led by Human Wisdom through lurid Hell and milder Purgatory, at the gate of Heaven, where the human yields to the divine, the poet meets Beatrice, his ideal. "Speaking low with voice angelic," she leads him on from sphere to sphere until at length she ushers him into the grand light of perfection, the light that unclouded love and perfect joy have given, the light that is the radiance of the eternal rose of bliss, and Dante finds himself face to face with the everlasting! Ah! tell me not that culture here was cant! Tell me not that the ideal of the Tuscan poet was an affectation! It was living; it was real! In the darkness of the Inferno it was ever in his mind. In the twilight of Purgatory thought of it nerved his halting steps, and in Paradise he beheld it in its fullness and glory!

Thus we come to our own tongue. Here, the moral element of culture as reflected in literature can be traced to the time of Saxon and Danish invasion. Like

summer rain upon the hardened soil, the hymns of holy men—sole literature of the England of that day—fell on the fiery spirit of the warriors who heard them. 'Twas the vesper-song of monks at Ely abbey that caught the ear of Canute, the Dane, as he passed by. The simple poetry touched a gentler spot in his iron nature, and the conqueror paused to listen.

And when we reach the Elizabethan age, with all its pomp and pageantry, what of Spenser and Lyly and Sidney? Were these not men of culture, men who had traveled in lands which were emerging from the darkness of medievalism? Had they not run the gauntlet of continental vice and come out unscathed? Had they not mingled in court life—nay, had they not even lived at court? Yet, when these pioneers of our literature dipped pen in ink and immortalized the thoughts that crowded in their minds, the pages which they filled in the Text-book of History were pages whose first and foremost lesson was morality, morality! And if you ask a definite key-note for the harmony of life, harken to the Puritan when, catching the echo of Plato's voice, he sends his message ringing down the vaulted corridors of time—that fragment of eternity:

"Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue! She alone is free!"

Away with your slandering doubts! Away with your insinuations! History rises against you. Time has proven the fallacy of your definitions. Superficiality cannot elevate. Hypocrisy will not uplift, nor does cant teach virtue.

And finally, cast one brief glance at our own century. Linger a moment over that half of it whose last few years are even now melting away as stars melt into the morning sky. Here we meet with further proof of culture's breadth with even more emphatic verification of its morality. There is Tennyson, the disciple of science. There is Browning, an artist with a poet's tongue. The one looks to the cause; the other to the form. The one delights in order and regu-

larity; the other in power and love. Religion is their common possession. The Laureate awaits mankind's millennium in the increase of wisdom; in teaching man to attain

"By shadowing forth the unattainable,
And step by step to scale the mighty stair
Whose landing-place is wrapped about
With clouds of glory of heaven,"

Browning expects the future of the race in man's better nature, for—

"In man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendor ever on before
In that eternal circle run by life,"

And these longings, these anticipations, are the yearnings of culture. The Laureate recognizes in the jurisdiction of the Universe the will of a Creator. Browning, perceiving its beauty, dwells on our Maker's love. Both look up to God, the perfect one. Science rightly studied, art rightly followed, will lead us to Him. Nature, art's best model and the scientist's servant, is His earthly garment, the token of His being.

So the two chief poets of our century find their ideal in perfection. Culture's champions once more are in the battle-field for morality. Hers was the weapon of Plato, and the pen of Lucretius the Epicurean. Hers was the voice of the medieval singer and the cry of England's early poets, and hers, too, is the ideal of this age.

Behind art, behind science, beyond all our earthly attainments, lives our eternal example. He is no chimera. In the conscience of the race He lives, and ever speaks to us His children: "Be ye perfect, even as I am perfect."

The subtle breath of rumor may creep into the crevices of our armor; the fires of unbelief may consume our earliest and our dearest hopes; they may dash in smouldering ruin those walls of faith we loved, and in the ashes blot out the vision of that bright Hereafter where we had hoped

our ideals would be realized; but even in that dark hour, that crisis of our lives, we may take fresh courage, for if we look over the thumb-stained pages of the past we shall see that in true culture there has been peace for weariness, hope for despair, a refuge for some of the grandest and greatest of the sons of men. Why not for mankind now?

V. Lansing Collins.

THE CRICKET.

"I have done the deed:—Did'st thou not hear a noise?"

"I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry."

—Macbeth.

HE WAS bending tenderly over his wife as he talked, and surely those little demonstrations of affection were allowable when they had been married such a short time; they would have opportunity afterwards for everyday greetings or for keeping apart—many, many years. But it seemed to him now that his cup was full and running over.

They were sitting in a kind of recess at the end of the library, and as the room was only lighted by the fire at the farther end, a person entering would hardly have known that anyone was there. It was one of those quiet intervals when daylight has deserted the room within, but lingers out-doors as though loath to retreat before the approaching night. It was summer and the twilight lingered late. How peaceful it was there in the old library. The oaken beams in the ceiling had grown quite dark with age, but their surface was so bright that they reflected the glow of the fire at the other end of the room, and so the recess was not wholly dark.

In the resistless surging and swelling of the spirit of youth the future seemed radiant; hand in hand they would traverse the dim procession of the phantom years; how many times would they sit, as now, and watch the last faint gleam of vanishing day? What an inspiration they would

be to each other in their merry march through life. And he thought of his brother, his nearest and dearest comrade through all his life. How fortunate that they were not to be parted now. They would all live together here at his brother's—the old family home—and nothing should ever force them apart. What a jolly trio they would make there in the old house! When was ever such a woman as Agnes? When such a man as his brother? And they talked of it, there in the little recess of the library, and the last trace of daylight disappeared, and they became silent, and Night threw its spell upon her, and she leaned back upon the divan and fell asleep, with a smile upon her face.

He would not awaken her; he would leave her there and return by and by. He would not be gone long; he would see her soon. And so he left her sleeping. She lay there upon the divan, her face sharply outlined against the dark background of the pillow, one hand extended at her side, and the other folded upon her breast.

As he was passing out of the library he saw that his brother had entered the room; neither had known of the other's presence. He was sitting in the easy chair before the fire. He stopped and chatted for a little while; there was a kindly feeling in the air that night; it seemed as if he had never realized before how much he loved his brother. Yes, they would be such a jolly trio. Was ever happier man than he?

But he must leave them for a moment; the book he wanted was in another part of the house. He walked gaily through the hall, ran merrily up the wide stairs and entered his room.

How dark and silent it was! He was alone. A feeling of physical fatigue came over him, and he flung himself down upon the bed. Pleasant fancies flitted through his brain. His mind was clear and was working easily; he had never felt such an exaltation of his faculties before. The problem of life seemed solved; he had only a blissful sense of a vast harmony of the universe. What was that

celestial symphony that transfused his being? Was it permitted to mortal to hear this music of the spheres? Then, in his waking dream, he tried to listen to what actual sounds there were about him.

Some insect, he knew not what, was working merrily in the wall; the old clock in the hall continued its musical tick. That was all.

No, was it all? What was that shrill chirp that rose high and clear above all other sounds in the old house? It had been so continuous that he had not noticed it before. He would have noticed it, rather, if it had stopped. It seemed, now that he listened intently, some unearthly, some devilish refrain. Bah! it was only a cricket down in the library, on the hearth probably. What was that to vex his soul? Was it only his fancy? Or was it some hellish wickedness that he heard, the spirit of sin, incarnate in a cricket? He was a fool; what was he thinking of? But no sound had ever affected him so before. Was there such a thing as metempsychosis, after all? But there was nothing human in that shrill cry. It was the voice of a fiend, an articulate impulse of Satan himself. What nonsense was this he was thinking of? But the hellish chirp rose higher—higher. It was piercing his brain; it entered his blood and coursed through every vein in his body. It was ringing in the chambers of his heart. It was seizing his soul. Why should he resist? He would not resist. What terrible impulse was that surging through his brain? Merciful God! Was it MURDER? No! Yes! He sprang to his feet; his brain was on fire. The sound was drawing him whithersoever it would. Who was that down in the library sitting before the fire? His brother? Why was *he* there? Whence *his* right to the ancestral home? The first-born? What of that? Was *he* not equally his father's heir? Was he not bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh? What right had his father to wickedly disinherit him? *He* was married; it was through him that the family name should be preserved. And why should his brother interfere with his hateful presence? He was an interloper,

a false claimant. Why should he not be put out of the way, and leave the family estate to its rightful heir? Then would Agnes and he right royally keep up the family name; how happy they would be! Where was Agnes? Was she in the house? He tried to remember where he had seen her last, but he could not. The cricket's shrill chirp vibrated and hung quivering in the air. He would obey this supernatural call, whatever it was. It was calling him—louder—louder—louder. Where was Agnes? She must not know until the end. Where was she? Still he could not remember. The cricket's cry seemed to have transformed his being; he was something other than he had been; it was not strange that he was unable to remember. Better that he should look for Agnes afterwards.

He stole down the stairs; he stepped lightly, but they seemed to creak beneath his weight. He was in the library now; there was his brother, still sitting before the fire. He was asleep. The cricket's cry rose higher than ever. What a piercing note it was! He must hurry; his brother might awake.

He stole noiselessly to the chandelier, but he did not look at that; he kept his eyes fixed on his brother. As his fingers ran over the burners it seemed as though the sound must awaken him, but there was no nervousness in his touch. Ah! he felt it now; he turned the gas full on—one burner—two—three—four. There was a drop-light on the table beneath the chandelier, and to make sure work he turned that on as well. His eyes had never left the sleeping figure in the chair. But it had not moved. He knew that his brother would not awake for a couple of hours at least, and by that time the work would be done. Before morning he would come down and turn off the gas, and then—well, it would be heart disease—nothing more.

He looked at his brother. He was still sleeping, quietly sleeping. He knew not why he did it, but he bent over his face and kissed him—kissed him good-bye.

He perceived a faint odor in the air. It startled him, and he hurried away and shut the door. The gas was beginning its work.

How still the house was! He paced the lonely hall; he glided swiftly up the stairs. What was that little insect whose merry tick he had listened to an hour ago? Ah! he heard it again; it was a death-watch in the wall. Strange that he had not recognized it before. Why did not the cricket cease its noise?

How long would it take? Not long; two or three hours, perhaps.

What a stroke of genius that had been! What a happy life they would lead, Agnes and himself. Of course, she would grieve at her brother-in-law's untimely taking off. But she would never learn the truth, and after the first transports of grief had subsided, she would be all the happier afterwards. What a happy lot would be theirs!

Was it all over now? No, he would wait. He would not announce his brother's death, he would let one of the servants find him there. That would disarm suspicion. Pshaw! there would be no suspicion. Who could ever suspect him? Was it not known how he loved his brother?

The old clock ticked away—ten, eleven—the next time there was an ominous pause; the preliminary click of a wheel, and the hour of midnight rang through the silent house. But he waited. One, two—two o'clock; he would go down now.

He took the precaution of first turning off the gas and flinging the door wide open; then he waited half an hour, and went down again. There he was; he had not moved. How peaceful it all was! The cricket's note had become fainter; it would stop soon. He stood over his brother and placed his hand upon his forehead. It was cold, horribly cold. He felt his pulse, and failed to catch a single flutter of the heart. It was all over; the man was dead.

The cricket gave a feeble chirp that hung for a moment in the air and then died away. There was no further sound.

It occurred to him as he stood there that now he was the heir. The house was his, his by the sacred right of inheritance. It had become his at the moment his brother passed away. And so the divine justice had been accomplished—the estate had come to its rightful heir. “The king is dead. Long live the king!” Agnes and he would mourn as was becoming, but the village churl would pull off his hat to *him* now as he passed, as he used to do to his brother. And he had done it all for Agnes.

Good God! What was that? Was it a woman’s form that he saw over there in the little recess at the other end of the room? Had he unwittingly committed a double murder? For she, too, must be dead. She could not have escaped the deadly flow of gas, which had penetrated every corner of the room. Who was it? It was dark, and he could not distinguish her face.

It must be one of the servants. She had probably come in and sat down for a moment on the divan and then fallen asleep. Well, she would never wake now. Why had she presumed to fall asleep in the library? And yet her punishment was great, very great.

The man was tired; his brain was heavy. He would find Agnes and then leave the rest for the morrow. But first let him know who was this lying over there, dead, upon the divan. He lit a taper and walked across the room so that he might throw its beams full in the girl’s face. She lay there upon the divan, her face sharply outlined against the dark background of the pillow, one hand extended at her side and the other folded upon her breast.

M’Creedy Sykes.

MISTRESS MARGERY'S WEDDING GOWN.

WITH bright-red cheeks and laughing eyes,

Long years ago, you understand,
Her foot in the cutest of "Oxford ties,"

And a reticule swinging from her hand,
She trips across the dewy grass,

On her careless, zig-zag way to town,
(She's rather a flirt, I fear, alas!)

For Mistress Margery's wedding gown.

And she meets my grandfather close by the stile,

(I think he'd been waiting there, the knave!)

And blushes and gives him "Good morn" with a smile,

As sweet as ever a maiden gave.

His heart was light and his laugh was gay,

As they journeyed together towards the town,
(That laugh since gone and the hair now gray)—

For Mistress Margery's wedding gown.

Full many a passer turned his head,

And smiled to himself in a meaning way,

As he noticed her face suffused with red,

And all that his glances seemed to say—

But little they heeded the passers-by,

Whether they wore a smile or frown,

As they tripped along right merrily

For Mistress Margery's wedding gown.

The gown was a wonderful thing to see,

With its streams of ribbons and flounces of lace,

And my sly grandfather suggested that she

Should try it on for a moment's space.

She looked so pretty with rumpled hair,

And bashful eyes cast demurely down,

That grandfather kissed her then and there,

In Mistress Margery's wedding gown.

The rest of the story I hardly know,
For grandfather tells one tale, you see,
And grandmother says it is'nt so—
Pray what can one think when they disagree?
The facts of the case I simply rehearse;
They were married that day ere the sun went down—
And she stepped from the church "for better or worse,"
In Mistress Margery's wedding gown.

Burton Egbert Stevenson.

THE RAIDER OF HUMP RUN.

IN ONE of the eastern counties of Ohio, some miles back from the river, there is a narrow valley, lying between two long, low ridges of barren sand. On either side, the hills rise bare and brown, save that here and there grows that sure sign of poor soil, the mullein plant. Below, in the valley, a little stream winds in and out among the water-willows which fringe its banks, with just room on either side for a few fields of corn and meadow-land. Across, toward the hillside, a dusty road runs along the foot of the ridge, and between the brook and the highway long rows of zig-zag fences, with thorn bushes in the corners and ivies and columbines climbing over the rails, mark the possessions of some ancient settler. On up the valley a forest, and beyond a hill rough and rocky, with a cabin or two upon its side. For the country there is desolate, and the farmers in the valley of Hump Run are well-to-do if they own a respectable cabin.

It was the autumn of '63. All eastern Ohio was in a turmoil of excitement, for the report was abroad that Morgan, the rebel and "copperhead," had come to conquer the North. The militia were drilling constantly; men were hiding their moneys and other valuables under ground; all the ordinary occupations were suspended. The spirit of

war was abroad. The ancient "Humpites," however, were slow to receive any news; and so, though the Raiders had been galloping through the State for a week or more, the lords of the Hump were living as unconcerned as before.

On one of those autumn days, when the nation was in an agony of excitement as to the result of the late naval battle, when the Cabinet was anxiously considering the appointment of General Grant to carry on the war, when Morgan and his men were fiercely sweeping over terror-stricken Ohio, and the farmers in the Hump Run valley were quietly husking their little fields of corn, a man in Southern uniform was walking slowly along the little valley road. He carried a musket and a knapsack, and stumbled heavily along as though he had seen a long march and was now at the last point of endurance. "Well, this raid's a fizzle, that's sure," said he to himself; "and it's a blame good thing we didn't bring any more men, for we couldn't have escaped if all Lee's army were here, instead of Morgan's little squad. But, bejinks, I believe I'd give up all the hope the old South has, if I could find a place where I could get something to eat. I wonder if there's anybody living in that log-house up there. At anyrate I'm going to see," and he began to climb the hillside, stopping every little while to rest and take breath.

The cabin was one of those old log structures, which long ago some of the first settlers had built, and which frost and rain and time seem to be unable to destroy. There was a small yard in front and a picket fence, newly-whitewashed. Farther back, a little garden patch, with an old well-sweep in the middle, and two or three ragged coats hung up as scarecrows, a log barn to the left, and an attenuated mule feeding lazily at a stack of straw.

Lindaay, the raider, walked slowly up and knocked on the door; a man's voice answered, gruffly, "Come in, can't you. What do you mean by knockin', anyway?" Lindaay accordingly opened the door and walked in. The room

were bare of ornament; two children, eight or ten years old, were playing on the hearth; a man was shelling corn by the window, and a woman was making bread on the table. On a bed, in the corner, an old man looked slowly up and then turned his head away. As Lindsay entered, the woman turned round, gazed at him for a moment, and then rushing towards him, threw her arms around his neck. The man muttered, ominously, "What do you mean, Sairy, actin' that way? Ha'int you got no sense?" Then something seemed to strike him, too, for he went up to Lindsay, and taking his hand, shook it as though he were performing an experiment in gymnastics. "Why, Tom," said he, "I'm glad to see you. I knowed you come back. Sairy, didn't I alluz tell you Tom 'ud come back? Why, Tom, you've growed some, ha'int you! Why, you wasn't much more than a good chunk of a boy when you run away. But I know'd you'd come back. Sairy said you wouldn't, but I know'd you would."

"I think you are mistaken," answered Lindsay, "I never saw you before in my life. I merely stopped to get something to eat."

"What, Tom, don't know the old man? Don't know your own father? Don't know your own father? I tell you, Tom, you've got to know 'im. Nor you don't know your old mammy? Sairy, Tom says he don't know us. Why, Tom, you're not agoin' to forget the old place that way, are yer? I alluz said you'd come back. I knowed you wouldn't forget the old man, Tom."

"You are certainly mistaken," answered Lindsay uneasily. "I am not your son. I am one of Morgan's men, and I would like to have something to eat."

"What, Tom, you won't believe the old man? Sairy, Tom won't believe his old father. And you jined the rebels, did yer, Tom? You turned copperhead, did yer? and you won't say you know the old man? Sairy, bring me the cowhide. Now, Tom, will you say you know the old man? Will you kiss yer old mammy now, Tom?

Will you wear them gray "copperhead" rags any more, say?"

The old man, who was probably about fifty years old and very large and strong, was getting considerably worked up. But Lindsay merely said, "You are mistaken. I am not your son." At this the old man became furious, and, seizing Lindsay by the collar, began to apply the cowhide vigorously, putting in his words between the strokes, for the slight frame of the fatigued rebel was as a child's in the old man's hands. "Now, will you say you know the old man? Will you kiss yer old mammy now? Will you know the two little 'uns now? Why, you little rascal, you, you didn't think you'd git away from the old place without my knowin' it, Tom?"

Lindsay quickly came to the conclusion that it would be expedient, for the time-being at least, to acknowledge himself as the farmer's son. So he said, adopting the Humpite dialect, "Yes, pap, I was jist foolin'; I jist wanted to see whether you 'ud really know me."

"I knowed you 'ud know us," said the old man, gleefully; "as I said to Sairy, 'Tom 'ill come back.' I knowed I could make you know us. Now, Tom, kiss your old mammy," and without the slightest hesitation the new-found Tom put his arms gently around Sairy's neck and kissed her as daintily as though she had been some one else whom he well remembered. Then he turned to the children at the hearth and said, doubtfully: "Well, I'll be dogged if I mind now which is Betsy Ann and which is Sairy Jane."

"Why, Tom, my boy," said Pap, "you hain't forgot yer sisters, have yer? Neither one of 'em's Sairy Jane. That one's Nancy and the other one's Susan Martha. I guess a little more o' the cowhide 'ill make you mind 'em, Tom."

"Oh, yes; I mind 'em now," answered Lindsay, with a vivid recollection of the cowhide. "I mind 'em well. Here, Nancy, come an' kiss brother Tom. Here, Susan Martha, is some chestnuts you kin have. Why, how

they've growed! Why, I'd never 'a thought they could 'a growed so much. It hasn't bin so very long sence I went away. An' how purty they both are, too!"

"Jest what we think," said Pap, "jest what we think, exackly, but ain't you 'a goin' to speak to old Grampy? He's a little out of his head, sometimes"—this in a low whisper to Lindsay—"but you go an' talk to him, while I go out an' fodder the mule."

Lindsay started toward the old man in the bed in the corner, but Grampy began talking so fast that Tom, with all the ardor of his new-found affection, was unable to give him a word of greeting. "Did he tell you I was crazy?" said Grampy, eagerly. "Well, don't you believe him. I ain't crazy. But I tell you, you want to look out for him; he's crazy." And, touching Lindsay confidentially on the arm, he pointed to Sairy and whispered cautiously, "You want to steer clear o' her; she's a little off." Then, tapping his head suggestively, "Them two gals—they ain't quite square in the upper story. You want to watch out for them. He said he was goin' to feed the mule. Well, I'll tell you, you want to look cautious at that mule; he's crazy at times. He tells people that I'm a little off, but I ain't. Why, I'm a personal friend of George Washington's, and fit at Lexington with General Grant, and took Bunker Hill with old Joe Hooker. But you want to be careful of 'em; they are all crazy."

Here Sairy, having finished the bread-making, interrupted the old man with, "Well, Tom, I 'spect you're kind o' hungry," to which Tom assented without the application of the cowhide. So Sairy began to get supper, and soon the odor of ham and eggs was floating through the room.

Supper finished and Lindsay's appetite appeased, he began to enjoy his escapade, especially when "Pap," in honor of his new-found son, brought up a pitcher of good old cider and a heaping basket of apples.

And so, while the country 'round was filled with anxious companies of men looking for Morgan, who had burnt the

Big Creek bridge only ten miles away while Grampy was mumbling to himself in the corner, and the two children were playing before the evening fire, Lindsay and Pap and Sairy talked about the war. Lindsay told them about his many hair-breadth escapes, of battles and prisons, of this final raid and how near the rebels were, always ending up with the statement "that he was dogged glad to get back home, and wouldn't wear no copperhead uniform again."

The two children were thumbing an old copy of "Mother Goose's Rhymes," and with wild gesticulations and much noise were discussing the case of Jack Horner *pro* and *con*. Said Susan Martha: "He couldn't 'a been like most little boys I ever seen, or he wouldn't 'a gone off in the corner to eat 'is pie, 'cause most boys sit in the winder or stand at the front door."

"O," said Nancy, "I 'spect his mother 'ad just swept or somethin' 'o that kind, and she didn't want 'im to get crumbs on the floor."

"Well, Tom," said Pap, with almost a tear on his proud cheek as he gazed at the two promising youngsters, "Ain't that nat'ral? Don't it do yer heart good to see the little 'uns again?"

"Very nat'ral," answered Lindsay; "it makes things seem so homelike."

Thus they passed the evening until Pap decided that it was time for them all to go to bed. "I'll let you sleep late in the mornin', Tom." So Lindsay left them, not, however, without a parting admonition from "Granny" to "look out for Sairy and the mule, for they were a little unsteady above."

The next morning dawned cool and clear. Sairy had milked the "kaow," Pap had foddered the mule, while Susan Martha and Nancy had fed the chickens. But Tom had not yet put in an appearance. Breakfast was waiting, and Pap was impatient. "Sairy," said he, "you had better call him; he's slept long enough." So Sairy went to the room and called, but received no answer. She

opened the door and looked in ; but the bed had not been touched. She was rather frightened, so she called her beloved husband, who strode wrathfully into the room. "So he's gone, has he?" shouted the now thoroughly aroused Pap. "The little rascal's gone. He lied to 'is old father, did he? He's turned 'copperhead' again, 'as he? He's jined the raiders again, 'as he? Well, Sairy, I tell you I'm a goin' to find him. I'm goin' to find him, sure 's alive. Get me my hat and gun."

Susan Martha crowded behind the door and looked through the crack with big, scared eyes. Nancy took her mother's hand and began to cry, while the old man, with muttered oaths, drew on his boots and got ready his ammunition. When his war engines were equipped he started forth, and, with a "Good-bye, Sairy," disappeared over the brow of the hill.

Meanwhile Lindsay had fallen in with the raiders near the little town of Kensington, and, having stolen a horse from a neighboring farmer, was again ready to travel. They had gone only a few miles back toward Hump Run valley when they met a little troop of Federal cavalry, with some militiamen. A small battle ensued, in which the raiders were victorious, and, after taking a few prisoners, they halted for the night.

It happened that Lindsay was appointed as one of the guards for the prisoners. He was leisurely pacing his rounds when his musings were interrupted by a voice that he certainly recognized, and looking around, he saw among the prisoners old "Pap" of Hump Run Roost.

"I found yer," yelled the old man. "I said I'd find yer, an' I did. What do yer meen by runnin' off from your old father, you little rascal? Will I have to cowhide you again?"

The experiment of the preceding day might have been repeated, with far more serious results to Lindsay, had he not leveled his musket and said authoritatively, "Be a little careful, my man. You're a prisoner of war just now."

"Why, Tom, yer wouldn't shoot the old man, would yer?" said Pap, plaintively, now thoroughly cowed. "Yer wouldn't shoot yer old father, would yer, Tom? Did yer think I didn't want yer to stay? Did yer run away agin cause I cowed yer?"

"My good man," answered Lindsay, "you are badly mistaken. I am not your son. I am from the South, though my parents were Northerners. I never saw you in my life till yesterday. Now, the best thing you can do is to go back home, to-morrow, when we release the prisoners and trouble yourself no more about this matter."

"Tom, yer lyin'; you know yer lyin'. But I'll get even with you. I'll make you glad to call me "Pap."

The next morning the prisoners were all set free, as it was impossible for the raiders to take them along. So they left Pap and the rest at a little angle of the road, Pap brandishing his arm and shouting round the curve, "I'll be even with yer, Tom!"

When he reached home, Sairy met him at the door with weeping eyes, and said, "Did yer find him?"

"Yes, I found him," answered Pap. "I found him. I said I'd find him, an' I did." Then he told his story, while Sairy shook her head emphatically at each startling revelation. Nancy and Susan Martha took down the "Nursery Rhymes" and discussed the peculiar case of "Bo-Peep," while granpy muttered to himself: "They are all crazy. That's what's the matter with 'em; especially Sairy and the mule, for their heads is kind 'o loose-jointed. He says I'm out of my mind; but I ain't; it's him that's crazy. Why, didn't I know George Washington, and fight at Lexington with Gin'ral Grant, an' take Bunker Hill under old Joe Hooker! I've got to look out for 'em, though; especially Sairy and the mule."

"Well, Pap," said Sairy, "do you think it was Tom?"

"Do I think it was Tom! Why, of course it was Tom. Sairy, ha'int yer got no sense? Don't you think it was Tom?"

"Yes," answered Sairy, faintly, "I thought it was; but I don't know; it looked awful like him. Granpy, was it Tom?"

"No!" said Granpy, wheezily, "it wasn't Tom. He wasn't crazy enough. He was too solid in the upper-story. It wasn't Tom."

W. A. Dunn.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

HIS CHUM.—He was seated before the fire after supper, in his cosy sitting-room in college, watching the wood fire as it leaped and roared up the large chimney. How merrily the little twigs danced and shook, when some great red tongue of fire darted fiercely towards them, and when finally caught and enveloped in the hot flame how they snapped and cracked. For a long time he watched them without stirring, until Old North ringing the curfew made him turn uneasily around. As he did so his eyes fell on a vacant chair on the other side of the hearth. A large, comfortable chair it was, with warm red trimmings. It was the chair his chum always sat in—empty now. And he gazed affectionately at it till something dimmed his sight as he thought of a newly-made grave far to the Southward.

As he sat there, how well he remembered the first day he ever saw Jack—his chum. It was at the club. He had come in late, hot and dusty, from a game of ball, and after shouting a hasty order to the waiter to bring his "grub," he noticed a strange face at the table, Jack's. He could even remember the suit that Jack had on that day, so vividly did it all come back to him.

All through the meal he had watched him closely and made up his mind they would be warm friends, for there was something in the stranger's face that was wonderfully bright and attractive. And after having bolted his "seconds" in a way that would have caused the instantaneous strangling of anybody else but a college student, and purloined a cigarette from the pocket of his unsuspecting neighbor with a deftness that bespoke long practice, he leaned over to the fellow on his left, "Shaggy" by nick-name, and asked him who the new man was. And "Shaggy" had answered that he didn't know, but that he seemed to be a mighty nice fellow.

A general laugh, caused by "Shaggy" spilling some hot coffee down his neck, got them acquainted, and from that time a warm friendship had existed between them.

He often wondered why they were such good friends, for Jack was his opposite in all things. He was tall, awkward and noisy, while Jack was small, graceful and quiet—too quiet, he often thought. And then Jack was such a student, and never got into trouble, while he—well, he had already made the acquaintance of the Faculty twice, and had been warned.

How distinctly he remembered Jack's face and figure. How often he had stood on the dormitory steps and watched the little figure as it crossed the campus, the great coat, with its huge flapping collar, and the hat that was several sizes too big for him, and about which all the boys used to tease him. And how in the evenings, when he was sitting as he was now, he would hear Jack's well-known step as he climbed the steep stairs and his cheery voice saying, "Well, old fellow, how goes it?" as he entered the room. And how he used to sit down in that chair now empty and discuss the foot-ball prospects and kindred topics. So vivid was the remembrance that he started up, half expecting to see Jack's merry face and hear his cheery voice again. But the chair was empty, and only the fitful gleam of the dying fire cast fantastic and distorted shadows on the wall.

Yes; Jack was dead. He would never see him again. For a long time he sat there gazing idly into the dying embers, which reminded him somehow of the face of the dead as he saw him in his coffin, and how he had stood beside it gazing down on that calm face, calm by his perfect purity and manhood, and how he had stood there looking on him, so still and white, till a lump had risen in his throat, and he had turned hastily away.

Then his mind wandered to the day of the funeral. He had been one of the pall-bearers. It had rained hard that day. As he sat there in his chair he could almost hear the drip, drip of the rain and the voice of the minister as he spoke softly of the dead.

He remembered, also, how he had looked around in a dazed way and wondered what it was all about, till his eyes rested on the pall, and then it came over him with a mighty wave that he was losing Jack forever.

The hymn rang even now in his ears. He had been humming it constantly since then—"Abide with Me." It had been Jack's favorite.

Then he thought of the grave, and the dreary drive there from the church, through the long and silent streets, while the rain poured ceaselessly down; and of the solemn faces around the grave, and the low tones of the undertaker giving his instructions, and how he had gazed sadly down into that deep hole.

* * * * *

The deep tones of the old college bell rang slowly the hour of twelve, but still he sat there far into the night, until the first faint flush of dawn glimmered in the east, and the fire fell upon the hearth a heap of ashes, and a long column of thin white smoke rose slowly upwards. Then with a long sigh he rose softly, and as he passed the empty chair he gave it a little, affectionate pat, and smoothed out a crease in the cover with trembling fingers as he murmured, "Jack."

H. G. Murray.

IN MY STUDY.—Ah! this is the life of a student! I exclaimed one frosty morning in January, as I give the fire an additional poke, adjust the blind and settle down to business. There is my astronomy to be read over, my physics to get up and a letter to be written home before lunch. I open the book and begin—"Come in"—a classmate enters. "Hello, old man! glad to see you; sit down. Well, well, it looks good to see you back again. I expect you had a great time this vacation!" "Fine, bully, superb! And you, too—I suppose you've enjoyed yourself?"

In half an hour he leaves—that makes the third man who's asked me about that blamed physics lesson!

Once again I poke the fire, crack a couple of hickory nuts from the bag a young brother sent on at Christmas, open my books and begin anew.

"Come in!" This time it is the washerwoman. Monday morning, two lessons to get, some letters to write, and all those clothes to count over, whew!

"No, Mrs. Blank; thank you, Mrs. Blank, but I haven't time to discuss whether Bill S—— in Witherspoon will ever pay up and get back his shirts—think you had better keep them a while longer—but time is life, Mrs. Blank, and life is short, very short, and that lesson there is long, very long, sixteen pages in fact, Mrs. Blank! Just think of it! Sixteen pages in that book that ought to be in my head, and a physics lesson and some letters to write besides!"

The clothes are in the bag. Mrs. Blank has left.

Once more I open my book, put my feet up on the desk, look at the clock and reflect. Forty minutes yet; two lessons and some letters; Alexander Hamilton took his Junior and Senior studies the same year, and slept only three hours of the twenty-four. *I will get this if—*

Some one is fumbling at the door again, but it is only Dave with a bucket of coal, so, with a relieved sigh, I settle once more to work. Once more a knock. "Come in." But it is only Mrs. Blank coming to make the bed.

And so it goes—until the bell rings. What a glorious opportunity for study I enjoy! Oh, it's fine.

T. B. Turner.

THE DIFFERENCE.

*She looks at life through sunny eyes,
Bright laughing blue, like summer skies—
No wonder everything to her is fair;
No wonder that she smiles at care!
I look at life through eyes steel-grey,*

Cold, calm as dawning winter's day—
No wonder that all things appear
To me so barren, blank and drear!

Sweet soul! Could I but always look
Through you at life's great weary book—
What warmth and light would then be shed
Within my heart so chill and dead!
And could you sometimes take a glance
Through my dull eyes, they might enhance
Some little mite that happy heart;
Might show it life's more serious part!

Charles Bertram Newton.

AT THE STATION.—The little depot at Colorado Springs shone brightly under the hot rays of a June sun. Down the dusty road from the big stone hotel whirled a yellow omnibus, stopping sharply to add its load of passengers to the little crowd on the platform, who were waiting the west-bound express from Denver.

One or two belated travelers bustled among the piled-up baggage, followed by the shirt-sleeved baggageman, with his clattering bunch of brass checks. Here and there were groups standing in the shade of the depot, chatting among themselves or silently waiting.

Around the corner of the depot there trotted a little black dog, a pretty, silky-haired little fellow, who wandered quietly about the platform, sniffing now and then when his doggish curiosity was aroused, but stopping occasionally to glance around with a distressed look in his brown eyes. One traveler, touched by the little dog's apparent distress, patted his head a moment, but another spoke out sharply with—"Get out, you cur!" and the dog dropped his head and trotted slowly away. An elderly gentleman discontinued his study of the distant mountain to speak to the dog, who laid his head on his new friend's knee. The kind-faced old man put out his hand to stroke the little fellow's head, but paused, mid-way, with a half-suppressed

exclamation, as his face stiffened into a look of intense horror, for the poor dog's jaw was twitching, his eyes were staring wildly, while a fleck of foam spotted his glossy coat—the dog was mad! Every one turned, startled, towards the old gentleman as the dog walked away, his pitiful little face suggesting signs of the approach of the awful malady.

A policeman, who had been loafing in the shade, his dull face assuming a look of perplexed fear in response to the cries of "Shoot him!" from the crowd, followed the dog around the depot, keeping as far away as he could.

Down the long, sunny platform were standing a lady and gentleman, conversing in low and earnest tones, who had not noticed the stir among the travelers. Straight up to these two trotted the dog, and as the lady carelessly stretched toward him a gloved hand he leaned against her dress, when she glanced down and read in his trembling little face the awful truth. A shudder ran through the crowd, who thought to hear her scream or attempt to run, and so bring on what might have been the fearful result of such an action. She did neither. Her face instantly lost color, but setting her white lips firmly she caught her companion's arm and stepped away as calmly as one can imagine.

Just then a horseman in uniform, wearing a broad-brimmed *sombrero* and an officer's star, galloped up and took in the situation. Throwing his reins to the cowardly policeman he sprang to the platform, reaching for his hip as he did so. A flash of sunlight on shining steel, a report, and as a puff of blue smoke drifted away the poor dog was lying still, his troubles over.

There was a roar of steam and a hiss of air-brakes as the west-bound express rushed into the station and stopped. A scurry of travelers, a harsh clang from the bell, and the train was off in a cloud of smoke, leaving the depot empty, and there was left only a small crimson stain on the platform to tell the story of a little life ended.

Paul Burrill Jenkins.

THE LITTLE MASQUERADER.—Chestnut street was alive with people; they swarmed over every square foot of pavement and overflowed into the gutters; at Broad street they were so dense that a couple of big policemen had all they could do to get carriages through. Out in the middle of the street were bands of fantastic beings suggestive of rainbows and escaped lunatics. Overhead was a dull, dirty brown mass of cloud, covering the sky, and consciously triumphant over the brow-beaten sunlight, which had finally succumbed after struggling boldly all the morning with the fleecy mammoths of the air. It was New Year's day. The bands in the street were the masqueraders, the crowds had come to see them, and the weather presided as a sort of patron saint of Bad Temper, giving people an opportunity of showing how good-natured they could be, under most trying circumstances. And very well they succeeded. A gayer or more careless crowd never faced the damp chill of a slow thaw. To me, as I slowly sauntered down the street, they were more interesting by far than the cheap fooling of the masqueraders. I have heard people rave over landscapes—I have stood where I could see the broad-backed mountains stretching away into the unknown distance, and have felt the inspiration of the sight; but here was a landscape with a heart in it! And what better inspiration could there be than in those ever-passing faces? Not all of them; for some had lost the image of nature—they were like those rocks whose beauty has been forever marred by some huge painted advertisement. In that changing kaleidoscope how the colors came and went! All sorts and conditions were there, good-naturedly jostling each other, lining up on the corners to see some new show, then, on again, on and on; it almost made me dizzy that perpetual restless motion. How curious if they should keep on forever; *never* stop! And then the sounds that they made! Was there a note in the scale which they did not touch. Every variety of voice, every shade of expression seemed to mingle in that great human note. Not a very

musical note, but then Americans never were famed for their pleasant voices.

I had wandered along, carried by the whim of the crowd till I reached North street, when I was brought to a halt by an unusually large gathering completely blockading the corner. Glancing carelessly into the street to find out the cause of the stoppage, I saw the usual banner, bearing in reckless letters the flaming inscription: **GOLDEN ORDER OF THE GRAND PYTHONS**; a couple of men on brightly caparisoned horses making a dismal show of skill, a wagon bearing a rude float, and a dozen or more clowns going through the customary gyrations. In all this there was nothing essentially different from the other companies we had passed, and I was about to turn away in disgust, when my eye was caught by a figure so small as to have at first escaped my attention, perched on the rickety cart which carried the float. A more uncanny effect than that first produced by this tiny boy could hardly be imagined. He was dressed in black tights, with cloven feet and the conventional horns—all the appurtenances which we ordinarily ascribe to his Satanic Majesty, but his face was unmasked, and no mask on earth could have produced the contrast, the utter incongruity which that child-face presented to the rest of his figure.

Great innocent blue eyes, deep blue, and tender as a deer's; a delicately chiseled nose; dainty red lips, matched by cheeks that the Autumn sunlight must have kissed as it kisses the leaves; and falling over the white forehead, just below one of the black horns, a lock of golden curls escaped from the tight-fitting hood which hid the rest. If ever there was angel in human form, I thought, here he is, and I felt a strange sudden revulsion of feeling as I watched the little dark-hued sunbeam, surrounded by the hard faces and grotesque costumes of those from whom he was so different. The little fellow, however, was no saintly still creature waiting for translation into a better world. His glee was irrepressible, and as he capered about, with a thousand antics

and shouts of laughter, the watching crowd cheered him to the echo in very excess of happiness at seeing such an epitome and effervescence of their own light-heartedness. For myself, I could not take my eyes off the small masquerader. Whatever had been false and hollow, and common in the gaiety around me, seemed turned to true, hearty, royal jollity by the Midas-touch of this light-spirited young monarch. Almost unconsciously I followed the procession, my feet obeying my eyes, and my mind never tiring of his antics, but growing warmer and happier each moment under the irresistible influences of his mirth, while the delicious incongruity of the diabolical body and heavenly face kept striking me at successive intervals, and sending a great glow of laughter over me each time.

I hardly knew how far we had gone till I found that I was almost alone on the pavement, and noticed that we had reached a poorer part of the city. The masqueraders were looking tired and dragged after their long tramp. Their bright costumes were splashed and muddy. The horses steamed and panted, and even the old cart rattled and creaked as if it had had enough of jolting over the cobble stones. Everything was played out except my little friend. His happiness seemed inexhaustable, and his healthy little body tireless. He laughed and danced and shouted in his childish treble, and played tricks on the driver in his glee, as heartily as before.

Most of the men paid little attention to him; they were too dull to be affected. But I noticed one man more intelligent, but more brutal looking than the others, casting angry glances at the boy and growling some surly words under his breath at each outburst of merriment. Suddenly, wheeling around his horse, and giving it a vicious dig in the ribs, he rode up to the float and growled out, "Shut up yer d——d nonsense, can't you," and leaning over, struck the little masquerader.

My heart jumped to my throat, and I was about to spring at the cowardly ruffian, with a wild desire to beat his brains

out, when something stopped me. Instead of a look of wonder and surprise in the cherub face, and an appealing look of suffering in those great eyes, which my imagination had pictured when I saw the blow given, instead of this the beautiful face was livid with passion, the bright eyes blazed with fury. As if some demon had drawn his hand across it and blotted it out, the saint-like beauty which had captured my heart had vanished in an instant, and in its place was a distorted knot of features, almost inhuman in their fury. I stepped back and leaned against a lamp post. The reaction was too great; I felt faint. The men were laughing and goading on the boy as he stamped and clenched his fists, and cursed the man.

I touched one of them on the shoulder. "Does he, does he often get that way?" I asked. "Oh, yes, sir (with a painted grin); purty boy, but got the very devil in him when he gets mad. Mother's finest woman in the 'Star' company, but she's got the same temper. See, now, why we fixed him up that way? Lot of fun, Tommy is."

The old story, I thought, as I walked quietly away. After all, life is a masquerade!

Charles Bertram Newton.

EDITORIALS.

THE "LIT." SKETCH PRIZE.

WE wish to thank Professors Hibben and Miller and the others who kindly assisted in deciding the sketch contest. We take pleasure in announcing that the prize has been awarded to Mr. R. A. Stevenson, of the Senior Class.

COLLEGE UNITY.

THE spirit of differentiation, which is the essential characteristic of the German Universities, has been gradually driving them away from an *esprit de corps*, both among faculty and students. So that to-day there is among them a singular, but easily explained, lack of both professional and student unity. At Oxford and Cambridge it is only upon such rare occasions as, at the annual boat race, that the true university spirit is to be seen.

And in our own country, at the Johns Hopkins, one student knows another student only as he may be or may not be in his own particular department. "Do you know so-and-so?" is asked. "He is not in my department," is deemed an all-sufficient reason for answering in the negative. So far has this gone there that a Graduate Association has been formed to better unify the students and give the university more a feeling of oneness. And at Harvard, too, there is understood to be not that community of interest, that welded sentiment, among the students which Americans most reasonably expect from a band of men pursuing the same object. The idea said to exist, that the athletic men are the sole and exclusive proprietors of the crimson, is a single instance of this lack of oneness of feeling at Harvard.

And so the tendency seems to have been, while developing toward the great university, for the colleges to lose proportionately in organic relation and in *esprit de corps*. This is to be looked upon as a great misfortune. And there is certainly no necessary reason why the development of the several parts or differentiations of the college in its trend toward a university cannot be best made by recognizing its relation to the organism. The different departments are not mere parallel lines which never meet, but lines which at every given point are approaching nearer and nearer till they eventually converge under the name "university."

In Princeton, unity is almost an instinct. Strangers often wonder why it is that Princeton, with a smaller numerical showing in students than many lesser colleges, has attained such eminent success. But to a Princeton man the answer is easy. There is no waste material here. If a man has anything in him, it is impossible for him not to show it. And this is so in athletics and in study. There are, practically, no foot-ball, base-ball, or debating or oratorical or literary abilities lying around Princeton blushing unseen. If a man shows the least talent in any line he is sought after and developed. Every Princeton man is a Princeton man first of all, and graduates his affections down to the least important object worthy of them. But all this interest is shown toward his fellow-student not merely because of personal regard nor for the prominence of one department or line of action over another.

And here there is no clash between departments, no opposition in interests. One does not, for instance, have to unlearn what he has learned in one department before he can learn in another. And in the spheres of undergraduate activity there is a surprising absence of antagonism. If it be in journalism, there is one sphere for the daily, another for the literary magazine, another for the humorists, another for the artists—and all this is recognized. So that even the complex machinery of the college publications move along together

without collision or even friction. And so in all cases. The base-ball man has a heart for foot-ball, and the foot-ball man for base-ball.

In our progress toward the ideal university there are great prospects before us if we can carry this feeling for substantial unity along with us. We have it to-day. It is not easily defined. But it implies a sense of the fitness or co-ordination of the parts to the whole, and a recognition that the development of the parts is the development of the whole, and the development of the whole is the development of the parts. But if we are to realize this ideal, we cannot attain it from the too-prevalent habit of imitation of the present university models. It must come as an organic development. It must proceed from within. And there are many reasons—as, for instance, Princeton's isolation from any great city, which would refute all idea of any decadence in that spirit and enthusiasm which is at present so essentially Princetonian. So that we believe that Princeton University, as it is as a college, will be eminently *sui generis*.

UNIVERSITY LECTURES.

ONE of the greatest needs that we have here at Princeton is that of many more such courses of lectures as the one dependent on the recent gift of Mr. Trask. The courses of lectures offered by the Faculty in the academic curriculum in Senior and Junior years are susceptible of much filling out, and, indeed, are usually intended only as outlines of a course of reading and outside study. No better supplement to these courses can be desired than University lectures in considerable number.

That they would be fully appreciated by the undergraduates there can be no doubt. In the winter evenings a large percentage of them would be not only willing to attend such lectures, but glad of the opportunity to do so. Of

course, many of the underclassmen have recitations early in the mornings, but even they could well spare an hour or so now and then to hear a first-rate speaker. The Seniors and Juniors, however, and especially those in the academic department, having fewer recitations by far, could readily attend lectures of this character in the evenings. As the most rational object of the university lectures would be to supplement the relatively broad courses of the last two years of college, the attendance of the underclassmen is not absolutely imperative. It would be difficult and, indeed, hardly worth while to get high authorities on their subjects to come and lecture on Second Aorists or Sturm's Theorem. Besides, the underclassmen are apt to become Seniors and Juniors in the course of time, and can readily take advantage of all such opportunities to better their college course at the time when it will do them most good.

What is wanted is a number of University lectures on literature, law, social science, philosophy and kindred subjects. Such lectures would be of the greatest advantage in widening the views of the students and supplementing the courses offered by the members of the Faculty.

In this connection it is not out of place to speak of the apparent discontinuance of the old library meetings which have hitherto been such a pleasant feature of this time of year to the Seniors and Juniors. There is no mention of any intention of holding them this year in the Catalogue as far as we can see, nor has any notice with regard to them been given to the College in any other way. Most of us would be very sorry to have these library meetings discontinued. We should be glad to hear something definite with regard to them.

THE INTOLERANT SPIRIT IN COLLEGE.

MANY social philosophers, in observing the passions of political parties and their adherents for their own particular causes, have denominated the present day an age of intolerance.

It is said, too, that in Germany every great national impulse finds its responsive throb in the universities. And so, indeed, is a university but one of the differentiated organs of the national organism, and bears the stamp of the organism as much as the nerves in the tiny leaf reproduce the general structure of the tree, as Dr. McCosh has shown.

But if there is intolerance in college we do not feel it can justify itself. It is evident, when a man commits himself to a certain sphere of activity, he receives a proportionate loss of the benefits without his sphere. It suggests, negatively, so much time and energy spent in a particular direction which might have been devoted to other lines.

But because a man has chosen a "doxy" of his own, arises no necessary reason why no other doxy can be tolerated by him. On the contrary, it would seem that there were all the more reason why another man's position should be appreciated, arising out of the personal satisfaction over one's own and the consequent recognition of what the other fellow has lost.

If there are athletic men in college who think study a burden, they can at least have that sympathetic regard for the students, if for no other reason, because in their great misfortune they don't know how to punt a foot-ball, put the shot or yell "out at first." And if a fellow is such a book worm as to look on lovers of manly sports as but idle displayers of their brawn, he can at least find ground for tolerance by inwardly commiserating him for his woeful ignorance of the subtle charms diffused under a library study lamp. And could not even the loafer, if he were really contented with his lot, refuse to look with disdain on the industrious fellow whether in athletics or study, because of those peculiar delights known only to him, that are lost to all others?

The men who work in the rough lines of athletic teams do a noble thing and work for a noble cause. But their denial of the less vigorous habits of college life and what

is more, their sacrifice during a part of the year of the full extent of the curriculum, should be more generally recognized. But equally so do the sacrifices of the man of his books entail the absence of things not literary. The time he spends in his library in digging out complex scientific results or harrowing philosophical rough ground are equally denials of other benefits on the part of the student as on that of the athlete.

But in Princeton it has so often happened that the student is the athlete that there is very little sense of opposition between these spheres of collegiate activity. Nor is there the slightest reason why the foot-ball man or the base-ball man should not be the J. O. man or the Lynde debater, and *vice versa* according to the very evident principle that muscle is a coördinate of mind. Under any circumstances the true student rarely antagonizes athletics nor does athletics hesitate to tolerate studiousness.

But when we pass to the habitual loafer he is intolerant of everything out of the loafing sphere. And as though under his placid content there lurked a secret sense of dissatisfaction over his own sphere of action, or, rather, inaction, the loafer seeks to fortify himself by a fierce antagonism to all not of his ilk. As to who this loafing class contains, there is little doubt. Everybody knows the loafer, inwardly, when he sees him, if he does not always express himself. The first evidence of the dissatisfaction of men of this class, with themselves, is the way in which they struggle for respectability. They would fain endeavor to include among their honored numbers that favored class whom they please to term "geniuses." We candidly confess ignorance as to what "genius" means. But if it means that somehow, in some way, an education is spirited down from the clouds and hovers around and finally enters into the head of this possessed individual, so that all he has to do is to sit still and let the ideas come in, we respectfully withhold our opinion. But whatever he be, a loafing genius is no better than an industrious nonentity. And if a man is to be

judged according to his opportunities, he falls even lower by the comparison. For though lashed to circumstances over which he has no control, the nonentity earnestly struggles and heaves to loosen his bonds. While this peculiar kind of genius deliberately throws away his opportunities and deadens his potentialities. It is of course, however, not fair to judge every man who ranks well with little apparent exertion as belonging to this class. For it is possible that some men who move about in a dreamy sort of way consent to let their minds be very active when alone in their studies with blinds down.

But, probably, the typical instance of the opposition of the loafer to the student sphere is his use of the word Poller as a term of reproach. He never misses the opportunity to use it. It is always in his consciousness and always on his lips—and when he says it, it is with a sneer and a curl of the lip. All in this category he would place under a ban. The name Poller is regarded as a stigma, damning a man really as an honest, studious fellow, but not of his ilk, and so, dangerous to his Society of Loafers.

Such being the internal relations of these three classes in college, it is obvious that the attitude of a college body toward the outside world would be influenced by these classes in college. But in general, the very fact that a man comes to college presupposes he has surrendered many parental and social joys. For these things he has lost, if for no others, the outside world can respect him. And a true college man can ever be so appreciative of the advantages open to him, can be so enamored of his sphere of action for itself and for its possibilities, that though he cannot fully enter into the inner life of men of opposite modes and opposite training, yet he can at least bestow a sympathetic regard and exemplify the merits of tolerance.

EXAMINATIONS.

THEY are often maligned; sometimes called periodic ordeals or periodic nuisances. They are periodic, to be sure. And we are apt to think they are nuisances to the man who has loafed half-term. But we hope it is not a trite remark to observe that an examination is necessary to acquaint the professor with what his students know. Also that under an elective system it is the only alternative. Nor should we overlook the subjective benefit to the student in giving him an opportunity to compass his knowledge.

Yet, if there are no serious objections to this mental trial as a trial, yet there can objections arise as to the details. It is certainly not easy to see why, when two weeks are supposed to be allotted, so many of the largest electives should be put together in the exam. schedule. Nor do those students who do not want the hardest subjects last, but would prefer to have them before their minds are fatigued, think much of that judgment which accords Ethics to the last day of the schedules.

These are subjects which deserve careful consideration; and the convenience of the students should not be carelessly or unnecessarily slighted in these matters.

GOSSIP.

At twilight time I stumbling struck the case
That held my long-disused guitar,
And tones like haunting memories filled the space,
Some sweet, some harsh—all faint as from afar.

EXIT Exams. Conversation at the Club is no longer limited to phrases like "Say, old man, going to use your trot, to-night?" and the laconic "How d'yer hit him?" Seniors once so interested now care not a snap that Kant was led into Utilitarianism at a certain unlucky point, and as for Sidgwick and Calderwood, and the syllabus on Patton's lectures, they are but "haunting memories."

The Gossip breathes again. Once more Richard is himself. Since last I filled this column I have been equipped—yea, day and night—with the weapons of wisdom, some of them a trifle dull, I admit, not to say rusty. Using all the strategic knowledge I possess, I have coped manfully with the demons and ghouls so fantastically depicted by a recent cartoonist in *The Tiger*. (We don't charge for this adv.) I trust I have not fought in vain, for I had a good faith, though possibly but fair knowledge. I fear, alas! that of some, however, it will be sadly said by their classmates, when, in the twilight, thoughts that are but memories come stealing in through the blue smoke of briar and meerschaum pipes—

"He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt
When time shall call him home from banishment."

We, though, who remain, can paste our examination papers in our scrap-books with feelings of relief mingled with pride. A year or two hence we shall turn them over with the sensations of awe and curiosity that a foreigner has when examining a rattlesnake skin; and when college days shall be times of which we shall think only at class decennials, then, if we still keep these scrap-books, we'll marvel that we ever knew enough to get through; perhaps some of us do so already.

Everyone should have a scrap-book. A scrap-book is not like a diary. I believe it's more popular to keep a diary than a scrap-book, but it's not half so much fun and use. Of course, if you are going to be a great man, or even prominent, you must not fail to keep a diary, and jot down all the random wandering-Willie thoughts you ever have. A diary is a *sine quid non* of greatness. When you reach the end of your career, your efforts will be printed, and everyone who has any regard for custom will rave over "THE MEMOIRS OF HEZEKIAH COLDSLAW" (*diaries* are always exalted to *memoirs* when they are published), and critics will raise their hands and say "Ah!" (the way children do at firework displays), while you,

wandering in the land of shades, will pat your back and think what a dickens of a sensation you've made on earth. Talking of this reminds me that I often have wondered how the gentlemen down below feel when they see their writings and sayings misquoted and misunderstood up here on earth in their enforced absence!

Yes, if you are destined for fame, keep a diary; if not, keep a scrap-book. The latter cannot be published, and tongues by the thousands will not wag over your private personal opinions. For one can have personal opinions even in a scrap-book. For instance, there are men whose scrap-books contain numberless invitations to dances, teas and receptions, and on many of them you'll find scribbled comments: "Out of sight," "Bully," "Fine supper," "Girls n. g.," "Bored to death," etc. Then there are men who paste in clippings from the papers and insert running notes, which sometimes are most interesting. I know a man who has a quarter-inch clipping from *The Princetonian* in his scrap-book, surrounded by a band of mourning a couple of inches wide. The clipping is: "*Professor Blank will hold an examination in Freshman Algebra on Saturday, the —th;*" and underneath is the touching epitaph: "*Ave, Caesar, moriturus te salutat!*" That was in Freshman year, when Algebra was the bane of life.

There's the poller's scrap-book, containing on the first page his entrance exam. papers, followed by an official document, informing all whom it may concern that John Digaway has passed without conditions. Then come divisional exam. papers, and every other paper, all arranged methodically in order of date, and opposite each batch is the resulting report. In some of this class you will find, by way of variation, 'way back in the Freshman year pages, a card of invitation from the Philadelphia Society to their annual fall spread, given to the incoming class, and an envelope containing a bid to the President's Reception for the Freshmen. (N. B.—This last is now very rare. Curio hunters have bought most of them up.)

Then there's the scrap-book that contains a sample of almost everything, from a summons to meet the Faculty's Committee on Absences to a lace veil, or a feather from a fan. Flowers and ribbon figure largely in such a book, and I will wager that in its owner's room you'll find a string of lace handkerchiefs over the door, and photographs of all shapes and sizes in every conceivable nook and corner, with orange-and-black drapings and hangings, and bows and knots, and picture frames, and pin-cushions, and sachets *ad lib.* In fact, the room is a study in orange and black and knick-knacks. From the chandelier hang innumerable dance cards and souvenirs, and every time the man wants a pencil he heartlessly just snips a ribbon.

My friend Sportner, on the other hand, sticks his dance cards in a scrap-book. He knows the use of a scrap-book as a memory refresher, for here and there on the cards I've found a mark against certain names. Sportner was showing me his scrap-book the other night, and grew quite

confidential as he bent over the ash-heaped grate, poker in hand, and dallied with the fire. Some of my readers may remember that once I spoke of Sportner as a poet. Well, that evening, for the first time in my life, I thought there was something in the man. Staring at the pink and red coals, he must have imagined he saw a fairy ball-room, for he described the dazzling whirl of skirts, the rhythmic slide of slippered feet, the jostling around pink-draped pillars, the quick breathing and disjointed conversation, the passing nods and smiles and the measured beat of the orchestra, and, as I am no society man, and know naught of these things, he told me how, when the waltz ceases, the roar of conversation rises as suddenly, while the maze of dancers settles into one great slowly promenading ring.

Then, dropping the poker, and sitting back in his chair, in a mysteriously tender voice he told me of the tête-à-tête out in a corner of one of the adjoining parlors; how the few lights were turned so low that his partner seemed in the shadow a silhouette in gray; how she was gently rocking in a great high-backed chair, her eyes piercing his even in that half-light, and, as he listened to her low voice, how he found himself comparing her with other girls he had met, and that then somehow his hand fell on hers as it lay, idly and ungloved, on the arm of the old-fashioned chair. There was a pause; they were alone in the darkened room; faintly along the corridors came the long, high note of the Santiago waltz refrain; one hand tightened on the other, the rocker stopped—and some confounded Freshman came breathlessly in. "Ah! there you are, Miss Browneyes! Been hunting all over the place for you. This was our dance, I believe—" etc., etc., and Sportner went and got one more drink of lemonade. The *Tiger* tells me since that a terribly sour gag on '95 was handed in at the kennel the next day, signed "A. Sportner."

The Managing Editors say that they've waited long enough. The *LIT.* is late anyway, and they won't make it any later just to let me "shoot my mouth off." These Managing Editors are awfully slangy sometimes in the privacy of the sanctum. I suppose they can do as they please though. At any rate—Oh, here's one of them coming now for this "stuff" whether it's finished or not, so I—

EDITOR'S TABLE.

" The years are passing o'er our heads
 Like mile-posts on the sands of time ;
 Old Chronos cuts the weeping months,
 And binds them up in sheaves sublime ;
 Each night the planets swim the sky
 And shout to us, ' The day 's gone by ! '

" The hours and minutes have their wings,
 And fly, like birds, across the sea ;
 The seconds, too—dear little things !—
 Like June-bugs, to Time's candle flee."
 * * * * *

A CERTAIN Senior—I suspect it was my friend *The Gossip*—who has a poetic temperament, thinking how the last term of the last year was already upon us, and remembering that *THE LIT.* itself was this month to celebrate a jubilee, wrote the above beautiful and touching lines, than which I can find nothing more appropriate for my opening quotation.

Time is getting away pretty past, we must admit, and although *The Table's* work is almost ended, he hasn't yet discovered exactly what *The Table's* function is. Once more, I turn to those who have gone before me. One man writes a literary essay, another an essay of a critical character ; one hails in poetic language the changing of the seasons, another discusses human nature in its various phases, and puts, perhaps, a little satire in his words. The man who sits at *The Table* this year hasn't seen his way clear to proceed in any of these lines. He never could write essays—used to think he could, but it was a mistake. He is not of a critical nature, being one of those innocent creatures who sees no faults in his fellow-men ; and to criticise nowadays, one must discover a general unworthiness in all literature. He is utterly lost when he tries to describe the Spring, with opening buds, and balmy breezes blowing over banks of violets ; or Summer, with rose-scented zephyrs ; or Autumn, bright with fast-fading glory of the dying year ; or hoary Winter, scattering abroad the "beautiful snow," binding fast-rushing rivers, and breathing frosty landscapes on the window-pane. As for being a satirist, even if he could see failings in his fellow-men—and, as I have said, he can't—he is far too amiable to mention them. So, you see, he couldn't follow his predecessors, and has, as a consequence, done his best to make nothing in particular *The Table's* function.

These remarks have been a digression from my subject, "*Tempus Fugit*," which, it may be said for the benefit of Scientifics and Specials, means "Time Flies."

Men of '92, there is a day and a night. Then take the pictures down from the wall, carry the old text-books, totes and all, to 3 N. W., where you can sell them for a pittance. Consign superfluous furniture to the cellar of Edwards, where John will dispose of it for you at a commission of seventy-five per cent., pack up your trunk, throw a few old duds into the entry for the janitor to pick up, put on your hat, look back once into the old room, bereft of all its homelikeness, close the door and latch it—mind you *latch* it—already you have given up the key—then stumble down the steep stairs, and walk into the wide, wide world like a man. Somebody else will take the room. It won't be vacant long!

Four years ago! How much '92 has changed since then! We can see a difference in each other. Take down the old class photograph, study it carefully, and then look in your fellow's face and see the change. We were boys then. I am sure that we are boys now, but we are *gelling* to be men. We shrink a little from the thought, but it is truth. Men! Men! Men's work, men's cares, men's struggles, must soon be ours. But it is useless much to think of these things; rather let us remember that in manhood comes life's fullest realization—a ripened character.

If many changes have taken place since '92 became a class in Nassau Hall, how shall we describe what changes have come since THE LIT. began to be a factor in college life. Fifty classes! Good men and bad men. Men like you, men like me—I don't mean the last two classes to be treated as respectively synonymous with the first two—men not like either of us, and each one of them different from any other man. We are glad to believe that the larger part of all the company is composed of men who have been an honor to their *Alma Mater* and to ours.

Enough of this talk. The parting don't come for nearly four months yet! The pictures still are hanging on the wall, the picture looks down, smiling from the mantel-piece, and when we go out and lock the door behind us we are dead sure that the key is in our pocket. And as for THE LIT.'s fifty years, I'm certain that the old magazine is every bit as young as its editors are, and when we '92 men are old and gray—don't those words look queer in connection with '92?—I know THE LIT. will again and again have arisen bright and glad from a plunge in the fountain of perennial youth.

Mr. Howells is about to take control of *The Cosmopolitan* conjointly with the present editor. A likeness of the eminent author is the frontispiece to the February number of that magazine, and his work as a writer is reviewed by Professor H. H. Boyesen. Sir Edwin Arnold's illustrated article entitled "Love and Marriage in Japan" is one of considerable interest. Sir Edwin is very enthusiastic over Japanese women. He believes, all things being considered, that the Japanese woman "comes nearest of her sex, as regards natural gifts, to what we understand by an angelical disposition." No matter what her rank may be, she is "always a lady." The story, "Trailing Yew," is pleasing and the

idea original. Amateur photography is treated of by Clarence B. Moore, and the article is well illustrated. Murat Halstead gives some remembrances of his early country life in "Pets and Sports of a Farmer Boy." Such are a few of the good things which one may find in the latest issue of a magazine which is taking extraordinarily rapid strides toward the foremost rank.

In *Scribner's Magazine* another paper upon "American Illustration of To-Day" discusses several well-known illustrators, and gives examples of their work. "A Model Working-Girl's Club" shows how some of the social problems of our time are being solved. Quaint and amusing will the reader find some extracts from "The Complete Dutch Kitchen Maid." There are short stories by Octave Thanet, Edwin C. Martin and Bliss Perry. "Station Life in Australia" contains a number of remarkable facts, and holds the place of honor this month.

"What French Girls Study" will doubtless surprise many persons. An article by this title in *The Atlantic* tells of the thorough, practical education which is within the reach of French girls, rich and poor. Mr. Crawford is himself in the story "Don Orsino." For most persons this is sufficient praise. There are some speculations with reference to "The Nearness of Animals to Men" in a paper by E. P. Evans. "The Short Story" is treated in a thoroughly readable manner in the editorial department, but it is a question whether the majority will agree with the author in all of his conclusions. For instance, he objects to Van Bibber in Mr. Davis' "Her First Appearance," upon the ground that "the gay benefactor of the Central Park and the marriage morn has become a Broadway Sir Galahad." This may be true, but many persons, I am sure, who were drawn to Van Bibber in his earlier adventures, have felt that he did a thing very much in keeping with his gentle, kindly nature, when he rescued the little stage-girl from the life "behind the scenes," and if "There were Ninety and Nine" is too "be-moraled," it has nevertheless touched a great many hearts, as it told its story of darkness lifted from lives which were weary under it. Mr. Davis is not perfect, and it may be that the writer of this article, who doubtless has a large experience to aid him in his judgment, sees a tendency, which may, being developed, take away the wonderful power of the author of "Gallegher," but it is hard to understand how this hurtful development should be along the line of "Her First Appearance," "There were Ninety and Nine," and "Mr. Raegan."

Lippincott's, for February, has for its novel "Rob, the Royalist." There are articles upon "The Hackney Horse," "The Board of Trade and the Farmer," "Swimming," and "Secretary Rusk's Crusade." The frontispiece is a portrait of Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood.

The *March Magazine of Art* has a colored frontispiece, "Autumn Twilight," by Albert Lynch. The opening article is thoroughly illustrated, and is upon "The Ornamentation of Early Fire-Arms." "The Rey

nold's Centenary" is appropriate to the death of Sir Joshua, one hundred years ago. "The Illustrated Note-Book" is taking a prominent position in the magazine, and this month contains ten illustrations.

The Century contains a second paper upon "The Jews in New York," which tells in an entertaining way more facts as to the customs and life of the descendants of Father Abraham. "The Naulahka" certainly is a clever story. "Reffey," a short story by Wolcott Balestier, Mr. Kipling's co-worker in "The Naulahka," is very able to hold the attention of the reader. "Monsieur Alcibiade" is another short story, by the author of "The Anglomaniacs." "Pioneer Days in San Francisco" is an illustrated paper by J. W. Palmer. Other illustrated articles are "The New National Guard" and "Titian." Titian's "La Bella" is the frontispiece.

The University Magazine has number five of the "Princeton Sketches." Mr. Wallace tells some incidents of college-life during Princeton's earlier days and during the rebellion. The raising of the flag on old North, just before the war, is described in this paper. We find portraits of Dr. Schanck, Prof. Hunt, James B. Kennedy, Robert B. Remsen, Spencer Trask, and Henry Goldthwaite, as representative Princeton alumni.

To the man who keeps apace with this age some paper such as *The Critic* or *The Nation* would seem to be indispensable. The former is distinctively literary; the latter is what its name would imply. *The Critic* is bright; *The Nation*, authoritative. Both are always worth reading.

Brains, a comparatively new publication, has a sphere different from either of the two periodicals just mentioned. It is principally made up of brief, sketchy articles upon literary themes. The paper is readable from the first word to the last. The editors agree to examine manuscripts of not more than eight thousand words, provided they be the work of a subscriber, and to return with recommendations and a list of publications to which they may be acceptable. For an additional dollar the work will be carefully criticised. It is hoped that this may be of assistance to authors.

The Owl, from Ottawa, contains a good descriptive article upon "Monte Casino;" "A Legend of Lough Neagh" is, taken as a whole, a pleasing bit of verse. *The Owl* is quite fierce in its criticism of the December Ltr. Especial fault is found with our Latin grammar. We plead guilty. We always were backward in dead languages. If we might suggest it in passing, without seeming ungracious in view of the fact that the particular part of the criticism to which we now refer was favorable, it is just possible that by a careful study of the splendid literature which may be read in plain English, without meeting the difficulties in the way of a classical scholar, *The Owl* might find that a sonnet consists of fourteen lines, instead of twelve, and is in slightly different form from the "sonnet" referred to by the critic. Taken all in all *The Owl* is a bright little magazine, repre-

senting the alumni as well as the undergraduates of the University of Ottawa.

The Williams Lit. devotes its January number to fiction. "The Lost Soul" is rather overdrawn, but has weird power. "A Waif" is a good sketch, simply and prettily told.

The Dartmouth Lit. is unexcelled in its "Contributor's Club" department.

EPICUREAN.

As some forgotten child at midnight creeps
Amid the aisles of dark cathedral halls,
And trembling feels along the sculptured walls,
Until the gloom o'er masters and he sleeps;
And when the morning sunshine leaps
Through jeweled pane, and daylight calls
The lonely sleeper, lo! he lies where falls
The shadow of the cross the chancel keeps:

So this great soul in darkness passed
Adown this minster life; groped on through loss
And pain, the night of slavery and care,
Until victorious sleep outmatched at last,
Thy stiffened arms reached almost to a cross;
God gave the radiant morning elsewhere.

—Round Table.

"FUTURUM ESSE."

Swift and sweet and strong
As the harmonies of a song,
She comes to her rightful place,
The light of God in her face.

In the thick of the fray she stands,
Life's noblest gifts in her hands;
Grand and gracious and good,
Grand in her womanhood.

Truth on the fearless brow,
Love on the lips that now
Quiver with tenderness,
Yet are strong to comfort, to bless.

Strength out of weakness grown
Through the centuries swiftly flown;
Gift of the silent years
To the nation's needs and fears.

Serene on the silent height
She stands in life's latest light;
Glad and gracious and good,
Grand in her womanhood.

—Wellesley Prelude.

TO THE FIRST STAR.

Trembling star, thy lonely light
Telleth of the coming night;
Star of hope, thy kindly ray
Telleth of the coming day.

—*The Unit.*

IN THE HISTORY EXAMINATION.

Vainly he racked his cranial store,
Seeking to find historic lore,
"History repeats itself," said he,
"Oh now repeat thyself to me."

—*Brunonian.*

THE USURPATION OF POWER.

When first I took her out to ride,
She sat contented at my side,
Admiring forest, hill or grove
And chattering gayly while I drove.

A year went by. We were engaged,
And then it was our spooning raged.
We took to lonely drives again,
I held one hand, she held one rein.

Another year and we were wed,
Our honeymoon was quickly sped.
And now one ribbon she disdains,
And calmly drives with both the reins.

—*Brunonian.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. BY JUSTIN WINSOR. \$1.00. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

Mr. Winsor has written a peculiar book. If we accept the conclusions he reaches as to the character of Columbus, we must consent to shatter many of the conceptions we have had from childhood, and which the world has held for four centuries, concerning the great Genoese. It is not always a pleasant thing to break away from long-established beliefs, nor to dethrone a hero we have always worshipped, and so it comes about that we find it hard to read Mr. Winsor's pages with unprejudiced minds. It may be that he is right when he insists that Columbus was "sordidly and insatiably greedy;" that he was "unfit for command;" that his "nature was arrogant and spiteful;" that he was a "pitiable man" and met a "pitiable death." It may be that Washington Irving's portraiture of him is idealized and false, and that all former historians have misunderstood and misinterpreted him, but, much as we respect Mr. Winsor's scholarship and erudition, until we find other critical authorities sustaining his position, we may be content to let our opinions remain *in statu quo*. Proclaiming as it does such novel and pronounced views, the book will certainly be widely read and discussed, and it is possible that it will inaugurate a new era in biographical literature concerning the Discoverer of America. The volume is gotten up in beautiful style, the illustrations, especially the half-tones, being of an unusual excellence.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. BY CARL SCHURZ. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY.)

The admirable sketch of Mr. Lincoln published last spring in *The Atlantic Monthly* has been issued in book form. It is a review of the ten volumes of the Nicolay-Hay history. It is safe to say that a more thoroughly satisfactory biography has never been condensed into so few pages. A photograph of Lincoln, taken probably in 1860, is for the first time produced, by the photogravure process, and forms the frontispiece. The story of Abraham Lincoln's life is an essential part of the history of our country. It is a life worthy of our most grateful admiration and of our most careful study. Here is the man's character brought out in an attractive form and within a very small compass, by a most competent author.

PITT. BY LORD ROSEBERY. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & Co.)

The Macmillans are publishing a series of Short Biographies, called TWELVE ENGLISH STATESMEN, not designed to be a complete roll of famous statesmen, but to present in historic order the lives and work of those leading actors in English affairs of state who, by their direct influence, have left an abiding mark on the policy, the institutions, and the position of Great Britain among States. In the present volume, which is fresh from the press, Lord Rosebery gives us a brief but comprehensive history of that most peculiar star, William Pitt, the younger. The writer departs from the beaten paths of biographers and furnishes a sympathetic yet fair estimate of the great minister. This feature, combined with the author's charmingly natural style, makes the work a delightful, as well as instructive bit of reading. Pitt was one of those rare geniuses whom the handicap of disease cannot restrain. At the early age of fourteen, Pitt was ready for the university, and though he brought a nurse with him to Pembroke, proved himself a worthy son of the dazzling statesman, Chatham. He entered the House of Commons as an heir enters his home, and there he threw the whole force of his mighty energy. "It was his mistress, his stud, his dice-box, his game-preserve, his ambition, his library, his creed," says the author. His career is followed to its stirring end, and shows Pitt as he was in the first years of administration, in his relation to Warren Hastings and the Regency, to the French Revolution, to Ireland, and to Wellesley, and the volume closes with an admirable chapter on "Character and Position of Pitt.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON. BY J. J. ELLIS. \$1.00. (NEW YORK: FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY.)

The chief characteristic of Mr. Spurgeon was his intense earnestness. He impressed everyone with whom he came in contact as a man of lofty ideals, to the realization of which he devoted the whole strength of a lofty intellect. Such earnest, forceful men attract to their side many devoted friends and admirers, and the speedy issue of such a loving tribute to the famous London preacher as the book of Mr. Ellis, which lies before us, is a striking example of the affection Mr. Spurgeon inspired in those who knew him.

Throughout the whole of its two hundred pages we see constant exhibitions of a love, which is almost veneration, and the picture it presents of Mr. Spurgeon's life is drawn with a tender hand. It is of course too soon to decide what position Mr. Spurgeon will hold among the great men of the world. We are too near to get the perspective necessary for a final judgment, but while his memory is yet green in our minds, and our hearts are yet stirred by the mention of his name, we ask no better biography of him than the touching, sympathetic tribute from Mr. Ellis' pen.

THE STORY OF MASSACHUSETTS. BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
\$1.50. (BOSTON: D. LOTHROP & COMPANY.)

The story of our nation is so much a sequel to "The Story of Massachusetts" that, always with greatest interest, we turn to the land of the Pilgrim fathers, who, in spite of all their failings, laid deep and strong the foundation-stones of this great country. Everybody knows who the author of this story is, and that Dr. Hale wrote it is a sufficient assurance as to its interest. We do not find "The Story of Massachusetts" to be "a book of annals, but a graphic narrative based on dramatic events." The first chapter is a brief chronological sketch of the "Bay State," and is followed by twenty-one chapters, each of which deals with some epoch in the State's long history. The book is beautifully printed upon heavy paper and is handsomely illustrated.

HISTORY OF LIBERIA. BY J. H. T. MCPHERSON. (THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS.)

To every thoughtful American this book must appeal with peculiar force. A great problem has been given us to solve, a problem never before presented to any nation, and for that reason all the harder for us to handle, inasmuch as we cannot call the experience of any former age to our help.

The negro question is the pressing question of our day and generation, and as the years go by and the blacks come to rival the whites in point of numbers, it will doubtless be even more vital and urgent than at present.

So we take up the "History of the Colonization Movement in Liberia" with the greatest interest, and when we have read Mr. McPherson's graphic pages through, we are irresistibly drawn to the conclusion that any final settlement of the negro question must be along the lines of the Liberian experiment. The volume deserves a thorough perusal.

HISTORICAL EPOCHS, WITH A SYSTEM OF MNEMONICS. BY
E. A. FITZ SIMON. (NEW YORK: CHARLES E. MERRILL & Co.)

The title of this little book explains its character. It is simply a list of important events in the world's history, with a system of mnemonics by which, it is claimed, a large number of dates may be permanently fixed in the mind with comparatively little effort.

NEW FRAGMENTS. BY JOHN TYNDALL. \$2. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.)

Whatever else may be said of Professor Tyndall's latest work, it cannot be claimed that it lacks interest. There are, in all, fifteen chapters upon widely different themes. The first, relating to "The Sabbath," is a clear statement of the author's theory as to the day of rest. The Sabbath which he desires is a better Sabbath than might be expected from

one with such religious views as Professor Tyndall holds; still it is not the Sabbath which most of our readers will believe to be essential to the Christian Church and to the highest development of a nation. Most of his objections to the "Puritan" Sabbath can, we think, readily be met by those capable of dealing with the question. The chapters upon Count Rumford, Pasteur, and Personal Recollections of Carlyle, are all of great interest, and are written in the easy, graceful style which characterizes the author's work. Besides these there are a number of biographical and scientific papers, and some entertaining "Old Alpine Jottings." The volume closes with a poem, "A Morning on Alp Lugen," which, as it cries,

" * * the Highest! Could we find
That Highest, much were clear * * "

shows one principal thing lacking in Mr. Tyndall, as a man and as a scientist. While as an authority the author of these "Fragments" is rejected by most of his contemporaries, he nevertheless possesses great power in his treatment of the subjects under consideration, and the work before us is most readable.

THE BURNING OF ROME; A STORY OF THE DAYS OF NERO.

By ALFRED J. CHURCH. \$1.00. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & Co.)

"The Burning of Rome" is a clear photograph of the days of Nero. It has not the soft, tinted colors of an oil painting. One does not have the glamor of the past thrown over him. He feels sure it is a correct picture. He sees the cruel tyrant putting over his royal tiger heart the garments of the charities, the wreath of the poet, toying with the instruments of music, trying to be all things but a noble man, a fond son, a faithful husband, an honest ruler—these he might have been, and gladly would Rome have engaged another to drive the chariot through the circus, to sing the songs of victory.

Epicharis is a fine specimen of a Roman maiden, loyal to the trusts put into her hands. One wishes to know more of her—she has left us too soon, with her large heart torn from the joys of youth; all her brood of singing hopes turned into the relentless, though impotent strivings to free herself from the meshes of the tyrant. Revenge to her was sweeter than love—revenge not for her own but for others' wrongs.

The Christian matron Pomponia and the dignified stoic or fatalist Lubrius, are most interesting characters. They are complements one to the other, and the contrast is most beautiful.

The vacillating cowards who betrayed each other yet dared not get rid of Nero, are true to life.

The bright, golden-haired British maiden Claudia, and Pudens, the Roman officer, are sunbeams on an otherwise somber-tinted picture.

One wishes the scholarly author had made two books out of the one story—one called "The Burning of Rome," the other the "Sunrise of Christianity in Rome." So much more might have been brought out

about Paul's influence over the Roman Soldiers, which has been touched upon most beautifully. Pudens' growth in the knowledge of Christ's teachings is well described. We feel that we could study Claudia's character more closely and be the better for her brave young faith.

This is a book to fill one with thought—to impel one to study—to feel the debt we owe to those to whom "the faith" was once delivered, and who held not their lives dear when it was at stake.

A GUIDE TO GREEK TRAGEDY. BY L. CAMPBELL. \$1.50. (G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Our copy of this work has been laid aside, and we take the liberty of quoting the following notice from *The Critic*:

"Campbell's 'Guide to Greek Tragedy' is well described by the title. It presents in narrow compass just what the student or the general reader wishes to know about the origin, subjects, dramatic construction and representation of the Greek tragic drama, together with some account of the great tragedians and their extant plays. The book is scholarly without display of needless erudition, as we should expect from the author of the excellent metrical translations of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. Especially suggestive are the frequent comparisons between the Greek and the English drama, which are prominent in the second chapter, on 'Tragedy Ancient and Modern,' but are also brought forward in other parts of the volume. The last chapter contains some good hints on the use of translations, and an interesting account of the presentation of Greek plays on the modern stage."

CLASSICAL POEMS. BY WILLIAM ENTREKEN BAILY. (CINCINNATI: ROBERT CLARKE & Co.)

These poems, the author tells us in his preface, are influenced strongly by Shakespeare, Milton, Collins, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and perhaps Shelley. Mr. Baily is not so great a poet as either of the gentlemen mentioned above. The volume is neatly gotten up.

THIRTY YEARS OF WIT. BY MELVILLE D. LANDON (*Eli Perkins*). \$1.50. (NEW YORK: THE CASSELL PUBLISHING CO.)

A lot of funny stories and reminiscences of famous funny men are collected by "Eli Perkins" in his "Thirty Years of Wit." Artemas Ward, Travers, Josh Billings, Bill Nye, Gough, Depew and many others come in for a share of Mr. Landon's attention. The book is full of good stories, with here and there a pathetic incident, making an effective contrast. A very few anecdotes have crept in which might better have been left out. As a funny book, "Thirty Years of Wit" is a success.

CIPHERS. BY ELLEN OLNEY KIRK. \$1.25. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

"Ciphers" is the story of a rich and fascinating young widow, who loves and is loved by a poor architect. A novel of modern New York society, it is written in a most clever and entertaining style. One is drawn from the beginning to the principal characters. Things don't go right at first, but the story closes in a highly satisfactory manner. The caricature of a certain gentleman of "400" fame is a pleasant feature of the story.

MISERERE. BY MABEL WAGNALLS. \$1.00. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY.)

This story combines "tragedy, music, love and a good moral lesson." An Italian officer kills an inferior in a duel, which has followed a quarrel due to drinking too much wine. He is everywhere pursued with remorse. At last he finds solace in the love of a beautiful woman, with an unequaled voice, whom he subsequently discovers to be the sister of the man whom he had mortally wounded. When the girl becomes aware of this fact she disappears and enters a convent. Her passion for music causes her to go alone into a church and there to sing opera airs. She finds that the life of the sisters is not the life for her, leaves the convent and goes upon the stage. Her lover visits the opera, sees her, forces his way behind the scenes, where he finds a great commotion. The prima donna is lying on a couch, seized with a sudden illness. He speaks to her; she recognizes, forgives and dies. He devotes the rest of his life to cultivating voices wherever he finds a promising one, in a vain hope that he may again hear the voice which to him is silent. The story seems in some ways to lack the highest probability, but Miss Wagnalls has not failed to treat it in an entertaining manner, and it already has gained considerable notice. The volume is attractive in appearance, but the illustrations stain the opposite page.

SHORT STORIES. BY AMELIA E. BARR. \$1.25. (NEW YORK: ROBERT BONNER'S SONS.)

Mrs. Barr's popularity is so great that it is necessary merely to mention the book before us, which contains a large number of stories, covering only a few pages each. The volume has for a frontispiece Mrs. Barr's portrait, and many of the stories are illustrated.

THAÏS. TRANSLATED BY A. D. HALL. 50c. (CHICAGO: THE NILE C. SMITH PUBLISHING CO.)

This is the story of a monk, who, in mistaken zeal, sought a soul and rescued it from sin, then himself, encompassed by pride and passion, miserably fell. The story is, in many ways, suggestive of "Hypatia," but, in essential features, is far inferior to Kingsley's picture of the Alexandrian world.

NOT ALL IN VAIN. BY ADA CAMBRIDGE. 50c. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.)

A story, crude in some of its parts, but nevertheless written with great power. The characters are numerous and well drawn; the incidents full of interest. Katherine is a splendid heroine.

The following books have been received and will be reviewed next month:

AN INTRODUCTION TO POLITICAL ECONOMY. BY RICHARD T. ELY. (NEW YORK: CHAUTAUQUA PRESS.)

FRIENDS: A DUET. BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS (MRS. WARD). (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

THE HORSE. BY WILLIAM HENRY FLOWER, C. B. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.)

NOTE.—Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, announce "The Columbian Historical Novels," a complete history of the United States of America, from Columbus down to the present day, in the form of twelve complete stories. Mr. John R. Musick is the author. Each volume will contain about 350 pages, and will be liberally illustrated with excellent half-tone engravings by a skilled artist. The books will be issued one every sixty days.